

The TATLER

Vol. CXXII. No. 1588

London, December 2, 1931

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



1/-

BRANDY for MEDICINE means MARTELL

MARTELL'S COGNAC BRANDY

Indispensable to every household

Maintains Resistance

Taken regularly, OXO strengthens the whole of the physical resources. It contains Beef-proteins which restore loss of living tissue, increase nutrition, and enable the body to resist cold and infection.

OXO

Wards off Colds and Chills



Wine Merchants by Appointment to H. M. The King and H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.



HEDGES & BUTLER'S

VERY CHOICE
WINES for CHRISTMAS

★ STILL AT THE OLD PRICES

WINE, SPIRIT AND CIGAR LISTS ON APPLICATION

153, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Preferred for its purity

Apollinaris

NATURAL MINERAL WATER



TRADE MARK

Plain or mixed with your spirits

ST. JEAN DE LUZ

The Golfers' Paradise

GOLF HOTEL

The Leading House

Sea and Mountain Views

Same Management—HOTEL BRITANNIA
Every Comfort

Emas Festivities at the

QUEEN'S

THE LARGEST AND MOST CENTRAL HOTEL IN
SOUTHSEA

Usual Winter Terms.

Special Quotations for Large Parties or Long Visits.

'Phone: 2037.

INCONSPICUOUS TRUE-TO-TONE HEARING—YOURS AT LAST!

The New 'Naturelle' (Ear-skin shade) 'Ardente' is the smallest, simplest hearing method in the world, entirely different and uncopyable—the ONLY one commended by every important British Medical Journal and "Truth," backed by the written guarantee of the world's greatest organisation for the deaf.

A boon for slightly deaf or very deaf (head noises). Ardente's Latest Achievement—Gold Medal Awarded.

CALL NOW FOR FREE TEST
or if unable to call write for details and "MEDICAL REPORTS." Free Home Tests Arranged. Call or write. Moderate Prices.

Ardente

309, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
(Opp. D. H. Evans). Mayfair 1380/1718.

DEAF

NEWCASTLE
BIRMINGHAM
EDINBURGH
BELFAST
DUBLIN
LIVERPOOL
MANCHESTER
GLASGOW
HULL
EXETER
BRISTOL
CARDIFF

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

HENNESSY

LIQUEUR XO BRANDY

GUARANTEED OVER 40 YEARS OLD

THE BRANDY THAT MADE COGNAC FAMOUS

Let Carr's Chocolate Biscuits Entertain Your Guests



Chocolate biscuits are always appreciated. For quality and attractiveness choose...

CARR'S CHOCOLATE GONDOLA ASSORTED (Milk Chocolate)



On Sale in all the leading Stores in U.S.A.

Agents:—
Julius Wile, Sons
& Co., 10, Hubert
St., New York City.



CARR'S of CARLISLE

BUY B & G BRAND TUNIS DATES

Stocked by all High-Class Stores & Fruiterers throughout the land

We shall be pleased to give the name of your nearest supplier upon request.



FREE GIFTS for
20 & 40 LABELS
See Details in Every Box.

These Dates are of the delicious muscat-flavoured "Deglet Nour" variety and are guaranteed to be the finest selected fruit of the new season's crop. They possess high food and tonic value, and are specially packed by Messrs. Alexandre Rannou & Cie, Marseille, for:—

BROOME & GREEN Covent Garden & Glasgow

For Windburn and Chaps use

Larola



No matter where you go, or what the weather, you need have no fear for your complexion if you use Larola. For Larola is your safeguard—to protect your face and hands against the worst ravages of our climate. When your skin is tired—when, directly after washing, you have to face the winter winds, there is no risk of soreness or roughness if you use Larola. Used regularly Larola prevents chapping and chafing—try it to-day.

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham, England.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM ROUGE, the Natural Tint. Silver boxes with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 each.

Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber, 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6 a bottle.



..here,
there.....
and

everywhere!

The "FYRAYS" coal effect Oil Heater is the last word in Stoves. It gives luxurious Heat wherever and whenever you want it. The cheery glow of a coal fire is radiated by the "FYRAYS," being an exclusive feature of this magnificent Heater. Fumeless and most economical in fuel consumption. British from top to bottom—including the glass that helps the glow!

SEE IT AT YOUR IRONMONGER'S,
or write for list "C."

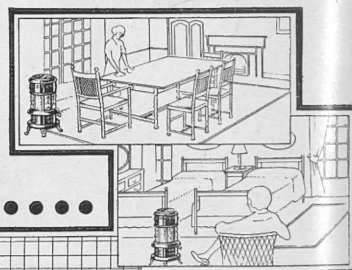
"FYRAYS" The COAL EFFECT OIL HEATER

RIPPINGILLES

ALBION LAMP CO. LTD.

ASTON ROAD NORTH, BIRMINGHAM * Price

59/.



The TATTLER

Vol. CXXII. No. 1588. London, December 2, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 14d.; Foreign, 4d.

Price One Shilling



Bertram Park, Dover Street

T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

A new and delightful portrait of their Majesties' second son and daughter-in-law, who have a very special place in England's heart. Like all members of the Royal Family, T.R.H. give their personal patronage to countless charitable causes, and last Thursday were present at the Carnival held at the Queen's Ice Skating Club, Bayswater, on behalf of the Paddington Infant Saving Campaign. During the week the Duchess of York also attended a matinée of "Grand Hotel" at the Adelphi Theatre, in aid of Dockland Settlements, and presided at a stall at the Royal School of Needlework's Christmas Sale. Though the Duke of York, in the interests of economy, is not hunting this season, the Pytchley is full of hope that next year His Royal Highness may be with them once more

The Letters of Eve



A WEEK-END PARTY OF CELEBRITIES

Some charming and clever people at a recent week-end party, whose names, left to right, are: Mrs. Churton Castle, Miss Joan Barry, Miss Peggy Johnson, and Miss Zoe Palmer. Miss Joan Barry, in addition to her activities in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," has had several successes in films lately and has just finished in "A Man of Mayfair," in which her opposite lead was Mr. Jack Buchanan. Miss Zoe Palmer is also busy on the films, and Miss Peggy Johnson has just come home after a prolonged foreign tour

DGROSVENOR SQUARE, W.I. DON'T thirst for too much knowledge this week, my friend, for little of social note has been happening here. Coming demands cast their shadows before and people are drawing in what horns they have left.

However, Lady Hadfield, having patriotically deserted her admirable villa at Cap Ferrat, is back with us again and being a regular public benefactor. Just imagine—she has issued a standing invitation to all her friends to drop in at Carlton House Terrace any Monday evening between nine and one should they happen to want hot dogs, beer, music, and dancing. Don't you call that a pretty good offer?

At the first of these assemblages (they are to go on till just before Christmas) it was pleasant to see Mrs. Walter Rubens, who came with those intelligent and graceful young men, Gavin Henderson and Robert Fleming. Captain Bunny Tattersall had been to hear the super-prodigy, Yehudi Menuhin, at the Queen's Hall, and was enraptured with him. Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger was another late arrival,



AT THE PORCELAIN BALL: LADY JANE TALBOT (WEDGWOOD) AND THE HON. BRONWEN SCOTT-ELLIS (WILLOW PATTERN)

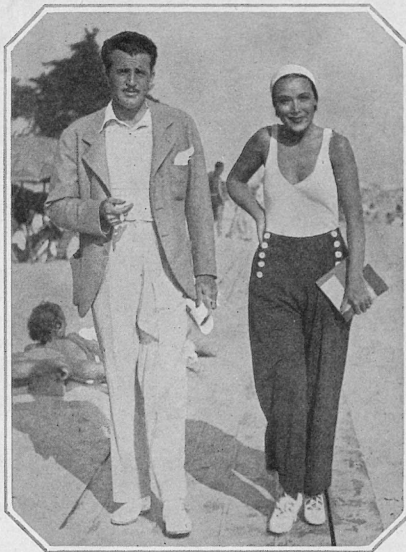
Some more pictures of the British Porcelain Ball—a very pretty show—in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund, are published on p. 355 in this issue. The Ball took place at Claridge's and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, who was the chair-woman, received the guests

but it didn't matter in the least on this occasion; that is one of the good points of these parties. She told me she had given up even trying to be punctual as she found it a quite impossible task. However no one would mind waiting for her, so long as she came in the end, for she is such fun.

* * *

There are lots to be said for a committee meeting which successfully disguises itself as a cocktail party. This is what occurred at 2, Berkeley Square, when we met to discuss "The Beaux' Stratagem," which is to be given at the Arts Theatre Club next Monday night in aid of the Nuneaton General Hospital.

The hosts, several members of the Behar family, were delightfully calm and collected instead of collective, and there was none of the monotonous discursiveness sometimes attendant on functions of this nature. We all wanted to hear more about the Back-Stage party, which clever Sir Stephen Bull and Mr. John Paget have devised to round off the evening's entertainment. As far as I could gather its chief features are to be: (a) a very



AT SANTA BARBARA CAL.: MR. AND MRS. CEDRIC GIBBONS (DOLORES DEL RIO)

Walking the plank at the Santa Barbara, Biltmore Beach Club, California, where it is always sunshine and there are no chilblains or blue noses. Mr. Cedric Gibbons is a well-known film director and his marriage to the beautiful Dolores Del Rio took place in August last year

informal cabaret starring a brace of Hulberts, Cicely Courtneidge, Rex Evans, Dorothy Dickson, Nelson Keys, and so on, and so on; (b) as much vintage champagne as you want; (c) a complete immunity from piracy, i.e. no raffles, competitions, or other forms of night light robbery. Sounds all right, doesn't it?

* * *

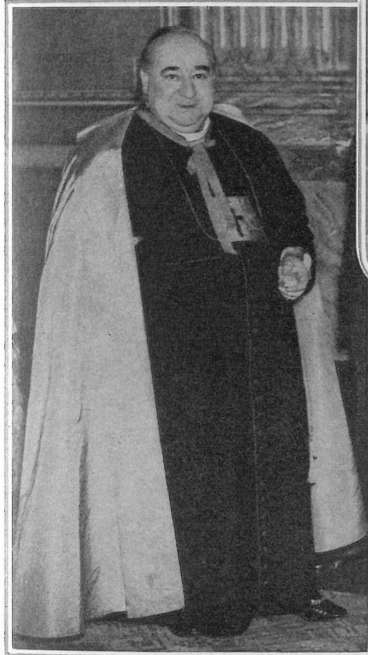
Sir John and Lady Moore were listening attentively to these good plans, and Lady Lytton looked in for, roughly, five minutes. Then there was Miss "Tye" MacRae toying with her belt and a "white lady"; Lady Violet Pakenham having a word with Mr. Francis Ricardo (he is Mr. Baldwin's private secretary) before hurrying off to a beer and skittles party.

Miss Villiers-Smith "scaped" in on her way to dine at Cambridge. She has suddenly changed her name from Olive to Diana; I can't think what for, unless it is an alibi. I also encountered Don Juan Pardo, whose father was President of Peru, but managed to get away just in time.

Overheard at this gathering: "Aren't you coming on to the Marochetti party?" "I haven't been asked." "Neither have I; let's go."

* * *

Poor Lady Castlerosse. I hear she's been hounded from her peaceful home in Smith Square—which she leased from the Tom Mosleys—by the perpetual peal of wedding bells at St. Margaret's. Too bad if it's true. She was looking so pretty the other night at Wimborne House, which was lent for the third *Eolus* concert. What a glorious setting! Haydn sounded more perfect than ever in that gracious candle-lit room.



THE MOST REVEREND THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

At the Silver Jubilee Dinner of the Westminster Catholic Federation which was held at the Criterion and at which, in addition to the Archbishop of Liverpool (the Most Rev. Richard Downey), two other Catholic Archbishops and Cardinal Bourne were present. The Archbishop of Liverpool is a Kilkenny man and a very learned lecturer and writer upon religious subjects. He devoted one whole book to some of Mr. H. G. Wells' errors

trying task with perfect grace and aplomb.

Miss Harriet Cohen, in white chiffon trimmed with orangeblossom, was almost startlingly bridal but very effective. No one in the room could beat Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper for looks, though Lady Lavery was pretty dazzling



AT WARWICK RACES: SIR RICHARD SYKES AND MRS. ARTHUR JAMES

The going and the air at Warwick last week both were on the soft side, but the races all filled with bumper fields going out for every event. Sir Richard Sykes is Joint Master with Captain Tom Wickham-Boynnton, who hunts them, of the East Middleton. Mrs. Arthur James had one of her two-year-olds running in the Dunchurch Seller

in oyster satin and pearls *à la* Mme. Récamier.

I have an idea that Lady Eleanor Smith did not enjoy the music much; her expression throughout was sombre and preoccupied. Perhaps she's hatching a new novel.

* * *

Racing NOT abandoned! This might have been put up at the Derby meeting of rather remote but pleasant memory. For it is almost a record for the full autumn programme to be brought off here, fog being its natural enemy.

On the contrary, the weather was almost springlike. Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass are, of course, as good as

at home on this course, and their luncheon-room was full. It seems the hardest luck that she should have had a bad fall out hunting so early on. Her leg was broken at the end of last season, and it isn't fair to be laid up again as far as riding is concerned.

Captain and Mrs. "Bill" Power, king and queen of Derby races, were freely dispensing hospitality. Lady Aylesford is a wonderful person and, though over eighty, goes racing whenever possible and is entirely independent. Lots of Meynellites there, of course; all delighted with their new Master and Huntsman, Sir Peter Farquhar. This success is all the greater considering he succeeded Mr. Hilton Green, definitely a rum one to follow, a bad one to beat!

* * *

Shooting parties are, of course, in the fullest swing (no aspersions on the guns). I hear there has been a lot of mild entertaining in the North for this purpose. Over the Border, Lord Haddington, Lord Minto, and Lord Dalkeith have all been having pretty good sport. Lord Kinross is in considerable demand as a shot when his official duties allow. He is

(Continued overleaf)

d 2



AND ALSO AT WARWICK: LADY BARBARA SMITH AND KATHLEEN, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

Arriving on Warwick Course last week, Lady Barbara Smith is an aunt of the Earl of Coventry and a sister of Lady Dorothy Fraser, who is so well known with the Fernie hounds. Kathleen, Duchess of Newcastle is a daughter of the late Major Henry Candy, who used to be a great man to go to hounds

Lady Patricia Moore, who came with her mother and brother, was not allowed by Miss Lynn to be a mere listener, but had to present a huge bouquet of red carnations to the gratified singer of the evening, Mme. Modrakowska. I must say she achieved this slightly

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

always tremendously busy with Government work and is pretty well tied to Edinburgh. Miss Pamela Balfour (Lord and Lady Kinross' eldest daughter) is, I hear, seriously thinking of taking to acting professionally. Being most attractive, with a definite



AT THE ST. ANDREW'S REVEL: LADY BURNIE, MRS. PATRICK ANDERSON, AND MRS. ARCHIBALD HAY

Also the Peke pup which was auctioned during the evening and added to the fund in aid of which the revel was held at the Café de Paris. It was organized by the Scottish Women's Hospital Memorial Association to make some money for the Women's and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital. Lady Burnie is the wife of Commander Sir Charles Dennistoun Burney, Bart., who is the inventor of that excellent contrivance, the paravane, and is also an enthusiast where lighter-than-air craft are concerned

bent in this direction, she is probably right. At the moment, the Windsor Strollers provide her with adequate practice.

Further south, Lord and Lady Brougham have just had enormous shooting gatherings in Westmorland. Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe were bright and efficient members of one and they in their turn are helping to entertain for the same purpose at Locko. Here Captain and Lady May Abel Smith are guests-in-chief; he is a particularly good shot and I hear she is taking to fox-hunting with great rapidity. Although she has only been out a few times on recent days with the Quorn she has made enormous strides (literally) and jumps everything as it comes.

Didn't go to the Porcelain Ball after all, but I'm told that the best "pieces" were Lady Caroline Paget, Miss Bronwen Scott-Ellis, and lovely little Lady Anne Wellesley. As the latter looks exactly like a china doll in real life she had a good start.

It seemed as if this winter's allowance of charity prancing parties was going to be very small indeed, but one keeps hearing of additions to the list. The Golf Ball on December 17 promises well. It is to help St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The Embassy Band will play, Miss Diana Fishwick is one of the honorary secretaries, and so many other distinguished golfers are in support that a mere long handicap might well be tempted to go to Grosvenor House just to be under the same roof with them. Miss Wethered, Major Cecil Hutchinson, Miss Gourlay,

the brothers Hartley, Miss Chambers, Mrs. Walter Payne, Mr. T. A. Torrance—these are only a few who'll be there, and you can get a close-up view of them for a guinea.

New ways to mix old drinks. I know you'll tell me you've always been warned against doing this, but you can't have met the new concoction invented quite accidentally by the coloured cabaret artist and called after him. It came about like this: At a small and select party the other night, he was asked, "Brandy or crème de menthe?" "Both," he said, and "the Hutch" was the result. Don't imagine you'll be able to play the piano like he does when you've tried it, though I'm told it improved even *his* touch!

Jan writes from Paris that they are looking forward tremendously to the play which the Ulick Verneys, indefatigable as ever, are getting up at the Salle d'Jena on December 18.

The good cause is the Hertford British Hospital which, in case you didn't know, owes its existence to the late Sir Richard Wallace of collection fame. The Duchess of York took particular interest in the hospital during last July's Royal visit, and our Ambassador, Lord Tyrrell, has given his personal patronage to this grand effort to raise some much-needed cash for it. Among many others who are actively helping the enterprise are Lady Granard and Sir Charles Mendil.

That good thriller, *The Cat and the Canary*, is to be presented, and the cast includes Mrs. Verney herself, Sir Ivor Maxse's son Fred, and Mr. Arthur Ponsobny, newly arrived as British Vice-Consul.

The lead is in the safe hands of Miss Joan Harris, a very attractive young actress and a generous one, too, for she is giving her services for nothing. She is spending the winter in Paris, having been seized with a desire to learn Russian and finding this a good place to do it in.

Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney were over there, too, not so very long ago—a real flying visit, as they took the airway to pay a short call on their son and daughter-in-law.

Browsing along Cork Street last week, by a lucky chance I turned in at Walter Bull and Sanders' Gallery and there met some of the most entrancing pictures I've ever seen. Elyse Lord is the artist, and the medium on which she works is in itself too fascinating. "Tithe" silk, my dear, with which the Chinese used to pay their taxes in the twelfth century, or even earlier. It's almost impossible to believe, isn't it? And I longed to know how this silk came into her possession.

Age has toned it to a delicious heather-honey colour and on it she paints, in lovely delicate blues, reds, greens, Chinese dancers or fish, flowers, or figures. The result makes one fearfully covetous.

It was very nice of Mrs. Woolley-Hart to lend that lovely new house of hers in Prince's Gate for the bottle "do" given jointly by Miss "Bunting" Stephenson and Miss Sammut, who is usually known as "Smut."

Charlie Chaplin was there giving his benediction to the drinks, but not, as had been rumoured when we were invited, mixing them. It struck me that his presence exercised rather a restraining influence on the assembly. This included Lord Brecknock, Sir "Tim" Birkin, chaperoning Lady Ashley, Sir Charles Mappin and his wife, Lord Tenynson, lovely Mrs. Colclough, and Miss Bridget Nickols and her intended.

By the way, they tell me that the rosebud affair is blossoming again, and will definitely be announced when he comes of age in March.—Love, EVE.



WAITIN' FOR 'EM: COLONEL AND MRS. BATH SNEYD

At the pheasant shoot which Mr. J. Bennett-Stanford gave at Pythouse, Tisbury, Wiltshire, last week. The Spring-like weather plus the rain have made things hock deep for fox-hunters, but have not similarly cramped the style of the shooters

A Correction.

The report in last week's "Letters of Eve" that Lady Meath and her elder daughter intended spending the winter in Egypt has proved to be totally erroneous. We apologize for any inconvenience which this misstatement has caused.

The Christmas Number of "The Tatler" is Now On Sale, Price 2/-



THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON

D'Ora, Paris

Two quite recent and very attractive portraits from Paris of the wife of Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, who is Lord Grantley's only son and heir, and was formerly in the Scots Guards. Mrs. Richard Norton is the elder of Sir David and Lady Kinloch's two daughters, the younger one being Lady Brownlow, who was married to Lord Brownlow in 1927. Sir David Kinloch, like his son-in-law, is also an ex-Guardsman, as he commanded the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards and was through the Boer War with the 3rd Battalion

The Cinema : An Ideal Entertainment

By JAMES AGATE

I AM not at all sure that the management of the Empire Theatre has not solved the problem of the perfect evening's entertainment, or will have done when some rearrangement of the licensing laws brings the country into line with all other civilized countries, or alternatively when it concludes its performance at a quarter of an hour before midnight. It is a monstrous state of affairs whereby a man who orders a bottle of wine at a minute to twelve is a respectable citizen, whereas one who orders the same bottle at a minute past twelve is a law-breaker or, worse still, one frustrated in the act of law-breaking. And then the Government wonders why Americans prefer Paris! The proper thing, of course, is to relax or abolish the drink regulations and punish with imprisonment, not the harmless drunkard, but the man who, when in drink, is a nuisance to his co-drinkers, other users of the pavement, and the wife of his bosom when he gets home. The Empire has, however, solved the evening's early difficulties by making it possible to see an entertainment which begins round about ten o'clock. Compare a normal evening at the theatre. The play-goer who dines at home must get up from dinner at eight o'clock or, if he dines at a restaurant, at twenty past, which means sitting down at the ungodly hour of seven. In order that a play may be over by eleven he is allowed two short intervals of say five and eight minutes which are entirely occupied in getting out of and back into the middle of a row. In Paris they manage these things better, for they realize that what play-goers have to say to one another about the play is always more interesting than the play itself. The arrangement at the Empire is, in my view, ideal. You dine in comfort, you arrive at an hour when you are ready to be entertained; and the entertainment being film instead of theatre there is no question of intervals.

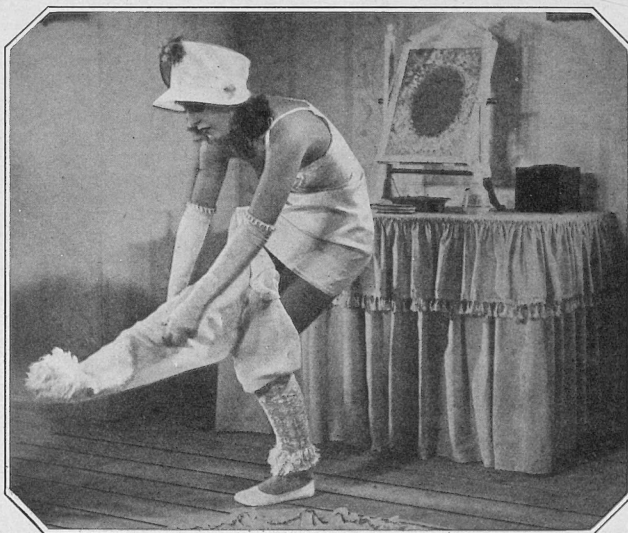
Last week the show was of a kind which I regard as ideal. It began with a film in which Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy—will not somebody tell me which is which?—proposed to get married. The bride had a father who was played by one of the finest actors the screen has never advertised. This is the fellow with a moustache like Mr. Robertson Hare's at the Aldwych and who bears the same relation to Laurel and Hardy that Mr. Hare does to Mr. Ralph Lynn and Mr. Tom Walls. Any film which contains him must be too short, and the present one is no exception. As for Laurel and Hardy, there is no need to insist again upon the merits of two perfect artists. There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream and the horses disporting themselves therein would have passionately excited every Englishman, because for centuries the English have known more about horses than any other race. But to-day we are as unknowledgeable as the French. This is the age of ironmongery, and the motor-car has abolished interest in the horse except as reflected in the returns of the totalisator. But those few who can still find enchantment in equine conformation and quality must have revelled in *Sporting Blood*, for surely there has never been a finer picture from the horse point of view.

Tommy Boy is the real hero of this film unless it be a little negro groom who "does" him. Except for the fact that all negroes look alike, I should say that this was the same actor who put up such a fine performance as the little nigger who was killed in *Cimarron*. But in all that concerns the whites this

film is pure bilge, with the exception of a new-rich woman who is allowed to behave exactly as new-rich women do! To prove that the story is bilge I shall relate it. Tommy Boy, who was slipped by his mother when she stumbled in the mud, grew up into a beautiful horse, a little too short in the neck for my taste, but a handsome, high-couraged sort. He was sold as a two-year-old by his breeder (Mr. Ernest Torrence) for the very moderate sum of 6,000 dollars to a dealer, who after he had won his first race sold him for 40,000 dollars to an idiotic woman. She, knowing nothing about horses, tried to race Tommy again a few days later and in too good company, when Tommy was promptly lost! Whereupon the woman's husband sold him to a gambling crook, who had a mistress who was in love with a head-croupier at the gaming resort, and anyhow a scallywag. The crook also tried to race Tommy Boy when he wasn't fit, and even put all his friends on to the horse as a certainty. In spite of liberal dope the horse failed, whereupon the friends shot the crook dead. Tommy Boy became the property of the crook's mistress, and the pair trotted off to Mr. Torrence's old home-stand, whereby with no hope for either animal or mistress, good

oats for one and fresh eggs for the other, they both hoped to get back into reasonable condition. Well, the horse "did" famously, and was entered by his mistress for the Kentucky Derby which did not at all suit the book of the scallywag who was now in the pay of some other owners. Having got wind of Tommy Boy's recovered form the scallywag arranged with his owners to bribe Tommy Boy's jockey to "pull" the horse. But the girl, getting wind of this through an ancient negro, arranged with the groom to cut the horse's rein. Well, as everybody expected, Tommy Boy had the race in hand, and his jockey began to pull. But the horse pulled harder, the rein broke, and Tommy Boy won in a canter, though the jockey could be seen tugging his hardest at ears and mane. Nobody bothered about the broken rein, and the girl had no complaint to make against her jockey, merely contenting her

self with telling the scallywag who came up to congratulate her that he was no gentleman. Whereupon the ancient negro told the girl that it was the scallywag who had dropped him the hint that Tommy Boy was to be pulled. At this the girl looked up into the scallywag's face, and instead of telling him that he was the most perfect double-crosser known even to the American turf, promised that he should be her true and perfect knight for ever. Whereat Tommy Boy would have vomited with disgust but for the fact that the apparatus for vomiting does not exist in the horse. Instead the girl assured us how proud Tommy Boy must have felt to realize that his equine reputation had been rehabilitated. Wherefore, I say that in all that concerns the human interest this story is bilge. But as animal photography it is magnificent, except that in the close-ups in which the rein is shown as breaking, Tommy Boy, who is a black-brown, has suddenly become a light chestnut and a totally different animal altogether. Mr. Clark Gable gives a good performance as the scallywag, and Miss Madge Evans scampers about pastures and gets over stiles nicely. But with the exception of Mr. Torrence, the negro groom, and the dealer to whom Tommy Boy is first sold, nobody in this film looks as though he or she would recognize a horse unless it were in a museum and labelled "horse."



LILIAN HARVEY IN "CONGRESS DANCES" AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE

The new film at the Tivoli in succession to "Carnival" opened last Monday. "Congress Dances" is a Ufa-Gaumont picture of the 1815 period in Vienna, when Europe was trying to sort things out after the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. Lilian Harvey plays the part of a little Viennese shop-girl, who eventually becomes the mistress of the Tsar Alexander

THE PORCELAIN BALL AT CLARIDGE'S



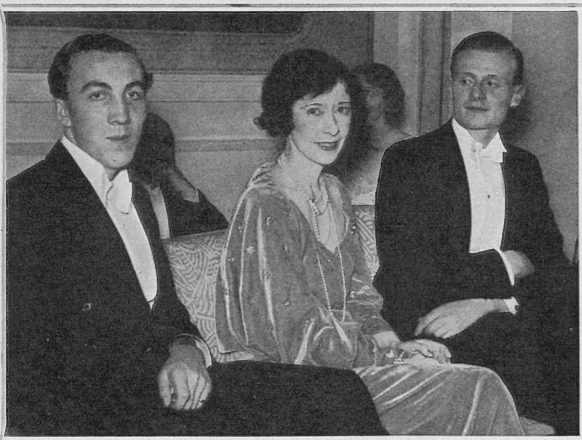
MISS LOUISE FERMOR-HESKETH, LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH,
AND MISS BETTY SHAUGHNESSY



MR. AND MRS. REGINALD GRENFELL, LADY CAROLINE PAGET,
AND THE HON. TONY HERBERT



LORD CHAPLIN AND LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD



MR. TERENCE SKEFFINGTON, LADY DOURO, AND
LORD ABERDOUR

The British Porcelain Ball, which was the house-warmer for the new ball-room at Claridge's, was undoubtedly one of the most successful entertainments "in aid of" that has ever happened. It was to help the funds of the National Birthday Trust for the extension of maternity services—a work which Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, who was the chair-woman of the ball, has very much at heart. Amongst others with her on the committee were Lady Massereene and Ferrard, Lady Melchett, and Sir Julien Cahn, M.F.H., who is the chairman of the fund. The big feature of the evening was the Porcelain Ballet, which was arranged by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare and produced by Mr. Max Rivers. From a golden door on a stage at the end of the ball-room emerged living porcelain figures in groups representing historic and beautiful pieces of china. The ballet was followed by the presentation of a Royal Worcester coffee service to Mrs. Stanley Baldwin. Each ticket for the ball had a key attached, and eight of these keys opened eight golden cabinets containing sets of fine china presented by well-known porcelain firms. Another picture of people who were there is on the "Letters of Eve" page in this issue



LORD AND LADY LOUTH AND MR. VAN GELDER

Photographs by Sasha

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

Our Monday morning operations consisted of travelling over rough fields and canals, although to get into the Vale from Roe Hoe is most men's Mecca. From the Curate's we set out hopefully for Old Dalby, but C. J. Fox changed his mind, and for a good half hour we sat outside the covert. Our Master might well have repeated history and remarked, "Ladies, pray be quiet that I may hear the voice of the bitches in covert!" A nice spin from Ellas redeemed the long wait.

Tuesday from the Brooke Priory fixture was a fine day's sport. Hugh looked very smart decked out in his best to meet his "mistress, the chase," and I thought wielded his staff of authority with his usual competence. From Prior's Coppice we ran all over the lovely country between Launde, Belton, and Loddington; and great credit is due to Chatty and his hounds, with foxes in all directions, to have stuck to one until he just saved his brush by finding a hole behind Loddington Village. Poor Tommy seemed to be regretting his kindness to Lexie, but as we all said, "You have made another girl happy," and unselfish kindness is often more successful "than mighty victories won by doughty deeds with lance and spear." We think Chatty's gallant pony must have had nightmare, but it's a treat to see Flossy ride over a country.

Friday was a scentless day. The biggest crowd I have seen this year met hounds at Great Dalby, and it was jolly seeing Jack and Marge back. The first fox from Burrough Hill did his best by going the right way, but it fizzled out at Adam's Gorse. An animal from the Trussells' only idea seemed to be to thread his way through the throng of spectators for the pleasure of dodging back through them again to covert. The last thing of the day was from Sherrard's Gorse, but personally I can raise no enthusiasm, or even a poor joke from the whole day.

From the Beaufort

Sport continues exceptionally good for this time of year, and added to this the weather has been most kind. On Monday the Draycot foxes had a good bustling, but they defeated Tom!

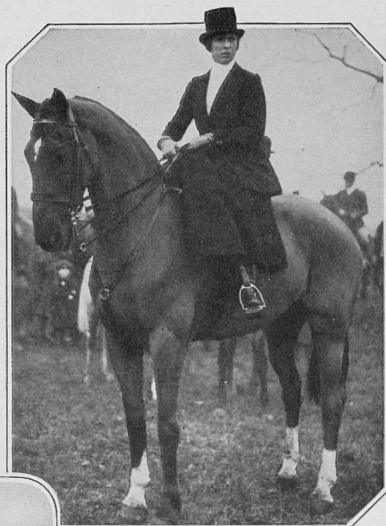
On Tuesday, Master's luck continued, and from their rendezvous at Churington they had a really good gallop, and added two brace to the bag. What did His Grace say when he came face to face with the gallant Major from Doughton, riding his grey steed on the far side of George's Gorse? Luckily the grey 'orse was blowing a bit! Everyone was sorry to see that good sportswoman, Mrs. Ernest Pitman, out of control, but mercifully no damage done, except possibly to a new habit. Moral, don't ride those unruly four-year-olds!

The dual foxes at Swangrove were there in a party to meet us on Wednesday, and oh, how they twisted and turned. No wonder Tom sighed and mopped his brow continually!

On Friday at Pucklechurch very few turned out, thinking it was a bit far and going to be a cub-hunting morning. As usual, Mr. Rawlins at Syston had a wonderful supply of foxes, and to Master's delight three were caught in less than thirty minutes. Then came the fun from Worlocks Covert, a real clinker over the vale at racing pace to Dyrham, and then a really good hound hunt, fast at times, and another brace to the bag! Those who were out voted it one of the best gallops in that vale for a long time. Miss Betty Cookson, from the B.V., was out to enjoy the fun, but we were sorry to hear she had a nasty spill over a wall in the evening hunt. You must go slow at them! No point-to-point stuff.

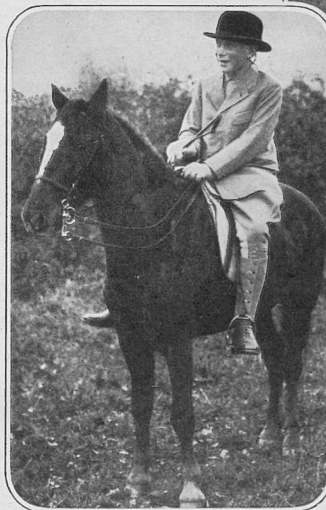
Saturday's field at Easton Gray was the biggest out this season, and unfortunately Master was not out, so our Joint had to try and contend with that unruly crowd and the cars.

Roads were blocked, and everyone pushed and shoved to surround the various coverts, which ended in foxes never being able to make any sort of point.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, WITH THE BRAMHAM

A recent picture when these hounds met at Paper Mill Bar, Boston Spa. Lord Harewood, who has been Master either jointly or alone since 1921, was joined this season by his brother, Major the Hon Edward Lascelles, who takes the keenest interest in the hound-breeding side of things. The Bramham Moor is a really beautiful pack of hounds now that they have bred more ribs on to them



AND ALSO LORD LASCELLES

A snapshot taken on the same day as the one above. Lord Lascelles, who was born in 1923, succeeded when his father became the Earl of Harewood. Princess Mary's and Lord Harewood's younger son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, was born in 1924

From the Fernie

The Theddingworth day beheld a goodly company in the village paddock. There were visitors from afar. Lord Sefton's horse-car had travelled many miles, these conveyances being a common feature at present-day meets. Mary Edmonstone, the youngest Diana on her diminutive pony, was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. "Charlie" Edmonstone. The rider in pink who was ignorant that his girths were unbuckled might have met disaster had his steed played up. Luckily a kind friend gave timely warning. De Trafford's Gorse provided the needful. The field glissaded down the steep descent to follow hounds over the flat to Hothorpe Hall. Charles, appearing at the front door closely followed by hounds, created a thrill amongst the

foot brigade. He managed to escape in the woodlands. A Mowesley fox gave us a good run to Husbands Bosworth, crossing the canal and railway to Theddingworth. This was over an unfamiliar line but good country which pleased the field and gave the horses a pipe-opener.

There was a large muster at Illston on Thursday. Sunshine was the leading note. Melton had sent over some of her best, amongst whom the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, Captain J. de Pret, and "Jim" Sherrard enjoyed our excellent sport. Frank Freeman, ex-Pythley, and Jacklin of the Rufford were taking a busman's holiday. With a fox found in Miss Butler's shrubberies at Ashlands a slow hunt finished at Billesdon Mill. The ever fruitful Norton Gorse then produced the pilot of the day, taking us over a strong line past Thurnby to Scraptoft and The Coplow, completing a nine-mile ring in seventy minutes which satisfied the keenest. There were several dirty coats. One Meltonian in extricating his horse from a ditch, had the ill fortune to pull the bridle off.

From the Heythrop

A large crowd turned up on Monday at Sarsden House, where Colonel and Mrs. Hermon Hodge very kindly refreshed everyone. Foxes were plentiful but scent was poor. Pudlicote

(Continued on p. 362)

YORK'S CITY FATHERS



A GALLERY OF CELEBRITIES—BY FRED MAY

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and his supporting City fathers were all unconscious sitters to the caricaturist at a recent conclave in the magnificent Guild Hall at York, and probably will be rather taken out of themselves when they see what someone else thinks they are like. The Lord Mayor himself, Alderman R. H. V. Wragge, is a barrister, and was called in 1894 when he was forty. He has been Recorder of Pontefract since 1905. He was first elected Lord Mayor of York as long ago as 1903. Sir William Todd is a distinguished ex-Lord Mayor of York 1915 to 1919, four years in succession. Alderman Rowntree's expression in the picture above is sweetness personified—as why wouldn't it be seeing what is the great enterprise with which his and his family's name is so intimately linked

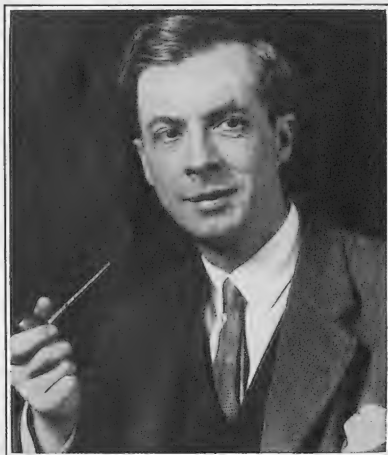
With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

What Does One Say to a Cow?

EVERYDAY life is full of quaint problems to which nothing except experience seems to hold the key. I had to face one the other day. Into my country garden, through an unfamiliar gap in the hedge which divides my pocket-handkerchief estate from a neighbouring field, suddenly there stalked—a cow! Now I know how to talk to a strange dog. I know how to converse with a strange cat. I am even familiar with the procedure to get on the softer side of the horse. But how on earth does one create an *entente cordiale* with a cow? A lump of sugar is out of the question. You can't lead the way with a carrot or a dog-biscuit, and to wave a stick turns every cow into a careerist. "Hello, cow!" leads one neither here nor there. A friendly "Moo-o-o" sounds rude. Had the intruder been a hen I could have used forceful persuasion because even the most intelligent hen is perfectly idiotic. But cows are obstinate creatures, and so the more I strove to point out to this cow that an entrance can also be used as an exit, the more this cow refused to be convinced. I saw myself at last standing, like a man in the middle of a circus ring, endeavouring to persuade a recalcitrant animal to keep within the arena, only to find it impossible. So after many vain efforts to convince my uninvited guest that a field is preferable to a garden any day for a good meal the more she refused to agree with me. At last I had to stand, a none too intrepid defender of the Last Rose of Summer, while a mere cow found perfect peace eating grass which must have tasted exactly like the grass she had always been accustomed to, but in which, out of sheer cow-perversity, she apparently found a new and subtle flavour. There was, of course, an end to this "adventure"; a kind of anti-climax with a feeling of profound boredom on the part of the "gap-crasher" as its main motive, but the outcome still left unsolved the problem as to the best means by which to bring sweet reasonableness to an unwanted cow. And this cow particularly annoyed me, for I was in the middle of reading Mr. John Galsworthy's new novel, "Maid in Waiting" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), in which, of course, there is not the least suspicion of "cow." On the contrary, and if I may still use metaphor, one drives up to the scene of the story through wrought-iron gates crowned by armorial bearings, between two lodges and

along an avenue of immemorial elms to a house which has scarcely changed since the seventeenth century, there to visit a family whose fine traditions have been equally as unchanged and apparently unchangeable. And that, you will admit, has absolutely no immediate connection with anything appertaining to "cow." The problems in it are of stiffer, nobler stuff. There are, in fact, two.



PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY

Bussano

A recent portrait of the well-known scientist and author of many works on biology and kindred subjects. One of Professor Huxley's latest works was "The Science of Life," written in collaboration with H. G. and P. G. Wells. Another great adventure was the Oxford University Expedition to Spitzbergen in 1921, which he organized and in which he took part



Pearl Freeman

AUTHORESS OF A WAR PLAY: MISS DIANA HAMILTON

The "Home Front," by Miss Hamilton and her brother Bruce, was produced at the Grafton Theatre on November 29. Miss Hamilton was formerly on the stage and will be remembered for a notable performance in "Outward Bound," that weird play which invited so much comment. Mr. Bruce Hamilton is a well-known writer of detective stories

The most poignantly dramatic is the problem of the wife whose husband, having been incarcerated in a lunatic asylum for many years, finds that he has rejoined her and her children though still only partially cured. How wonderfully Mr. Galsworthy tells his human tragedy, making us pity both husband and wife, two unhappy victims of one of Nature's most horrific laws; making us share the wife's secret terror, the husband's awful consciousness of his most tragic affliction.

To my mind this is the most moving portion of a novel which I found unusually interesting. The other problem concerns a man who, joining the scientific expedition of an American professor to Bolivia, is left alone, fever-stricken, among the half-savage natives, one of whom he has to kill in self-defence. In the book which the Professor ultimately writes this story is related in terms of strict condemnation, the result being that questions are asked in Parliament, the man's reputation is ruined, his military career shattered, and eventually he is tried for murder. These two threads—each of which would supply less able novelists with two separate novels—are woven together by Mr. Galsworthy to make a story which holds your attention from the very beginning and contains character-drawings of men and women who are seen marvellously "in the round." Unlike the famous saga of the Forsytes, "Maid in Waiting" is purely a novel—that is, it is a complete story; neither a picture of a period nor a family history covering many years. Among the characters which "stand out" are Lord Saxenden, a wonderful picture of a rich, powerful, time-serving patriot, and the poor, unhappy Ferse, whose insanity and whose subsequent suicide are made the more dramatic, the more pitiful by reason of Mr. Galsworthy's understanding of and sympathy for the wretched man. But the whole novel, merely regarded as a story, shows the writer at his best all the time.

* * *

Gladys Cooper.

Miss Gladys Cooper is rather a wonderful woman. Beyond her great beauty she has made herself so amazingly competent in just those ways by which she set out in the beginning to achieve competency. In her interesting autobiography, "Gladys Cooper" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), this amazing competence is set out in all its uncommon aspects. Unlike most poor mortals she seemed to know unconsciously exactly what she wanted, exactly where she wanted to go, from the very beginning. We, the other poor mortals, spend the greater part of our lives not knowing quite what we do want, nor where we want to go—rather, don't know the way there—until at last we wake up to the horrid realization that we have arrived just where we didn't want to get to, and possess most of those "blessings" which we would dearly love to get rid of in part-exchange. So our life,

(Continued on p. 360)

THE ARMISTICE!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"Well, I bears no malice, Mrs. Green, so 'ere's lookin' at yer, and 'eavens knows that's a effort"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

as we look back upon it, is rather like a crazy quilt. True, there is a pattern in it, but you have to be rather an expert in strange designs to see it. Our greatest hope is that the Recording Angel is an artist in understanding of the preposterously crazy. On the other hand, Gladys Cooper in her autobiography shows us how very seldom she wavered in her own undoing. Subconsciously she realized that beauty is not enough. True, her loveliness did undoubtedly unlock many an important door when a plainer woman would have had to keep herself warm standing on the mat; nevertheless, you can't open a door twice unless you have, so to speak, the "goods" in an attaché-case. Gladys Cooper knew how to work. She realized how easy it is for a lovely girl to get into that "rut" of beauty which ends as the Birth of Yawns. She deliberately avoided that "rut" and so has achieved a position, not only on the stage, but in life itself, which is an "end" in itself. This interesting autobiography is her own account of the road which *she* led, rather than led her, towards that great achievement. Without being an actress "born" (as she, herself, confesses) she made herself by dint of hard work and ambition into one of the leading ladies of the English stage. Her beauty won for her only half that battle. The rest she achieved by her own exertions. She was as business-like as she was beautiful. From her earliest years she never allowed herself to rest on whatever laurels she had won. She never "slacked." She was never completely dazzled by her own success. Consequently she went from success to success, and never once looked back. This, to a certain extent, robs her autobiography of that psychological interest which belongs to temporary failures and disappointments, and those disagreeable self-sacrifices which are supposed to mould character, but don't very often (in the comforting sense that is). But if there be a moral in the story of hard work and determination here it is. But never once is it a mere pompous record. In fact, it is full of human touches and full of fun. Also it is better illustrated than any theatrical volume that I have read for a long time. Of course, like nearly all stage autobiographies, the book is of the story of a career rather than that of a private individual's private life and philosophy; nevertheless some glimpses of the real Gladys Cooper do emerge. Her intense love of children, for example; her detestation of that wordy procrastination which makes personal as well as business association with most people, especially stage-folk, too often like the longest way round to nowhere in particular—*viâ* the Carlton Grill. For above her beauty, most people who read her book will instinctively take off their hat to the writer for that amazing level-headedness which got her out of the Gaiety chorus to the very top of her profession. If determination be a virtue then she deserves every iota of her success. Her means always more than justified her ways; except—dare I add?—in the lovely home which she has made for herself at Highgate by the exterior sacrifice of what were once two old-world houses of anybody's dreams, and not long ago my own daily pilgrimage of admiration.

Charming Fantasies on Two Slight Themes.

The first, Lorna Rea's "The Happy Prisoner" (Heinemann. 5s.). The study of a girl who, while completely deaf, found human nature sympathetic, beautiful, full of that milk of human kindness which comes from love and understanding. Then, after she had recovered her hearing, the horrid truth dawned upon her that the world was full of people with claws hidden beneath velvet gloves; that behind their often gracious surface there lurked the desire to spring and to tear asunder. The realization turns her from being a happy woman into a most unhappy one. But happiness gradually comes back to her as once again her deafness returns, until, now that she has once more entered into the kingdom of silence, the old belief comes back, and with it peace and beauty and faith. A charming, rather lovely little story; subtle in the meaning which lies behind the words. Not of the quality perhaps of Rudyard

Kipling's "They," which made the pathetic beauty of blindness such a lovely thing. Mrs. Rea has not yet achieved what I will call the "poetry of style," and, for such a delicate theme as this one, poetical imagery is the essence of its truth. Nevertheless, her tale is memorable. It possesses a charm and tenderness which place it miles apart from most works of fiction. Unusual, although in quite another way, is Ronald McNair Scott's "Misogyny Over the Week-End" (Macmillan. 6s.). Very little actually happens in the story; merely a bathe, some riding, a game of golf, and much talk; but somehow or other it keeps one's interest all the time, especially the talk. It is good conversation, full of apt and unfamiliar quotations, and always very much to the point. The week-enders are well contrasted. They each express not only a human type, but a definite point of view; also, they know how to converse. The personality of Rodney, the misogynist, however, colours the story, and for this reason the book, while being always interesting and often entertaining, never gets one very much further than good talk. Still, ideas are so rare that they shine like jewels amid most people's "blathering." And "Misogyny Over the Week-End" is one of those



Boy (short of money): I say, Dad, have you any work that you'd like me to do?

Father (taken by surprise): Why—no—but, er . . .

Boy: Then would you like to put me on the dole?

rare novels which are crammed full of ideas.

A Disappointment.

Mrs. Fred Reynolds has given us so many good stories that it seems ungrateful to acknowledge that her latest, "Ashes of the Hearth" (Lane. 7s. 6d.) is dreadfully dull, because the plot is so silly and the author has sought to sentimentalize this silliness, instead of making it thrilling—always the safest covering for the absurd, as all "thrillers" prove only too often. But how can one believe that a woman's sanity could be saved if only she married a man before she realized that the motor accident in which they had both been involved had ruined her beauty? However, the man marries her, but she still goes out of her mind. Just when she looked like dying her husband receives news from England that his father is very ill. The old man dies, his son inherits a large fortune, and begins to build

(Continued on p. xxiv.)

THE FEMININE TOUCH AT HURST PARK



VERY CHIC IN BLACK: MRS. RAPHAEL



THE HON. MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH



MRS. PALEY-JOHNSON AND HER HUSBAND



MISS "BABY" WHITAKER



MISS P. BAGOT-CHESTER



MRS. "BOY" WILSON



MISS BRIDGET CHAPMAN

Hurst Park's final flat-racing meeting of the season was blessed with delightful weather, consequently feminine supporters wore their nicest suitings, and the general effect was very good indeed. Lord Rothermere's daughter-in-law, for instance, favoured a short coat of cream-coloured fur over a nut-brown skirt, an orange cap completing the picture. Mrs. Paley-Johnson retaliated with a summer ermine jacket worn with a black woollen dress. She was Miss Carol Glorney before her marriage, and is the daughter of Mrs. Corlette Glorney, the well-known owner. No meeting is quite complete without Miss "Baby" Whitaker, daughter of the famous trainer. It will be observed that she still prefers the bare forehead style of hatting rather than the ubiquitous dipping brim. Pretty Miss Peggy Bagot-Chester, in a gay checked tweed, was one of the youngest "regulars" present. A débutante of this year, she is having a great success. Captain "Boy" Wilson's wife looked very smart in a close-fitting light grey fur coat of fashionable brevity, and Miss Bridget Chapman's cream tweed, trimmed with light red fox, suited her bronzed complexion admirably. Miss Chapman goes to all the brightest parties and gives some good ones herself.

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 356)

was the draw for the afternoon, and it was pleasing to see the owner's smile and hear his "holla" when no fewer than four foxes went away in different directions, and when nothing could be done with these, yet another fox was waiting in the covert for us, but this one was also of the scentless variety.



WITH THE BUCCLEUCH: CAPTAIN THE HON. FRANCIS AND MRS. MONTGOMERIE

Ian Smith

Captain the Hon. Francis Montgomerie is Lord Eglington's brother, and this snapshot was taken one day last week. The Buccleuch are a wonderfully bred pack of hounds, and there are none better in their work either. It's a grand country to ride provided always . . . for it's no place for a mediocre performer—horse or man

Wednesday from Deddington was marred by "George" getting such a bad fall, and although he was so seriously injured, he is making some progress, and all wish him a speedy recovery. A nice hunt in the afternoon, from Hempton Gorse redeemed the day.

Saturday, from Milton, really was a red-letter day. Spending most of the morning in Bruern and Bould Wood, we then went to Icomb Cowpastures. The holla that came from the end of the covert was soul-stirring enough for anyone and worthy of the Master's youngest daughter! and a fine hunt ensued—a brilliant forty minutes, at racing pace—all round the Gawcomb Vale and back to kill their fox close to the Cowpastures again. What grief! The Gawcomb and Blidington brooks fairly took their toll. The Colonel had a nice bath, and almost all the soldiers were on their backs—some more often than others—but all agreed it was well worth it. What a flow of language from the visiting ladies, but well deserved!

From the York and Ainsty

It might be well to remind readers that any remarks we make about people are never meant to be unkind and, in fact—

We'll never write things about you, don't you see,
That we'd mind in the least if you wrote about we:
If your conscience is clear, then you needn't get rattled
Or fear that you may be the next to be "Tattled."

Meeting at Allerton Park on Friday (November 20) the north pack had a nice, though not fast, hunt of seventy minutes, and had to stop early on account of the fog; it was only just fit to hunt all day. On Saturday the South were at Aine and we were glad to welcome one of His Majesty's judges. Littleworth succeeded in catching a brace in Hawkhill (a most difficult thing to do, by the way) and we finished with a hunt to Sutton Park.

Several distinguished Bramhamites turned up at Copmanthorpe; the morning was disappointing but we had a nice afternoon hunt from Colton Hagg to Grange Wood and Askham Strips. The country rode very deep after a night's heavy rain and there was a good deal of grief.

From Warwickshire

We had excellent sport again this week and started off on Monday at Pillerton with a fox which ran across rather a heavy bit to Ettington Park—I saw several people floundering about, apart from their horses. It isn't often the Warwickshire

thrusters pray for hounds to stop as they did on Tuesday, which was really a brilliant day's sport; from Lower Lemington we were galloping and jumping from 11.30 till 3.15! One fox was killed in Wolford village in the morning after an excellent hound hunt. Todenham never fails to give us a bit of fun and is always splendidly stocked with foxes. Not much damage was done considering how often we jumped the fences. The "kicking" brigade are very bad this season and people think that a red ribbon is a safe pass through any gateway. Even the children ride kicking ponies into the crowd.

There were a lot of people at Radway on Friday, and we were pleased to see two well-known members of the North Warwickshire Hunt out with us. There was another five-mile point through some rare deep fields, and people with small studs are beginning to feel the strain of galloping and jumping in and out of the mud.

From Lincolnshire

With the elements in a more gracious mood and with scent serving better than of late, most of the county packs did well on Saturday, November 21. The Blankney, after meeting at Morton Hall, did nothing of note until late in the afternoon when the big field of the morning had melted away and only a chosen few remained. Then slipping away on a fox from Bassingham Wirelock Osiers, hounds raced along the Brant side to Cockburn's, where they killed in the dark after a quick fifteen minutes.

On the same day a Burton fox from Torrington Gorse caught it hot. Twice he tried to stave off defeat by going to earth, but hounds would not be denied and they ran on in the moonlight until Bert's shrill "tally-ho" rent the evening air.

Mr. John Ramsden, an ex-M.F.H. of the Southwold, gave all and sundry a splendid send-off when hounds met at Hareby House on November 21. The pack quickly got to work with a fox from the local covert and, running as if glued to his brush for fifty minutes, they effected the *coup de grâce*. Another fox from Hagnaby would have suffered the same fate had he not reached the main earths on the Bolingbroke and Mavis Enderby road.

From the Blackmore Vale

At Sherborne Castle the meet is always a good show and after a recent tryst at the popular M.F.H.'s abode, and some time

spent in the Park, hounds went to Fenydown, which was blank—not even "Charles James D—" at home. Broke didn't hold either, but there was a hunt from Rodners Hill. The fences all most awfully blind, and it would be a great untruth to say that all enjoyed themselves!

The great "Tuesdays" opened with a good day from Chapel Cross. From the Laurel Covert the field went to Rats Castle, the pack to Compton Pauncefoot. There was a good gallop from Ilchesters Gorse to end the day—sixty minutes of the best.



LADY NELSON WITH THE MEATH

Poole, Dublin

The day the Meath met at Kilmoon, and they had a seven-mile point from Piercetown to the Thomastown Bog, as good as you want it all the way. Lady Nelson is the wife of Sir James Nelson, and they have forsaken Co. Galway this season for the Meath. They have taken Clonbarrow, near Athboy



LORD AND LADY WESTMORLAND AND THEIR CHILDREN AT "LYEGROVE,"
BADMINTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Lady Westmorland is a daughter of the late and the last Lord Ribblesdale, who was nicknamed by a very distinguished personage "The Ancestor." She first married Mr. Percy Wyndham, who was in the Coldstream and was killed in action in 1914, and her second husband, Captain Arthur Capel, died in 1919. She was married to Lord Westmorland, who was formerly in the Navy, in 1923. The children in the picture are Lord Burghersh and the Hon. Julian Fane; Miss June and Miss Ann Capel, the daughters of Lady Westmorland by her second marriage; and the most recent arrival

Photographs by W. Dennis Moss

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Little Catherine," at the Phœnix Theatre



RUSSIA—AND ALL THAT

The liveliness (to put it mildly) of the Russian Court in the last half of the eighteenth century can hardly be put on the stage. But in "Little Catherine" Miss Marie Tempest, as the amorous Empress Elizabeth, leads the revels to some purpose and acts consummately that remarkable woman's approaching end. The goose-stepping cavalier is Lanskoï (Mr. W. Graham Browne), the fidus Achates of the contemptible Peter III



"I HAVE WORKED A MIRACLE"

The Rasputin-like monk (M. Serge de Kazarine) plays effectively, when sober, on the Empress's credulity

LITTLE CATHERINE, M. Alfred Savoir's play which Virginia and Frank Vernon have anglicized for the Phœnix Theatre, is surely an instance of how difficult it is to make certain perishable goods travel-proof, and what worlds lie between a Gallic soufflé and a substantial British omelette. One assumes this piece, in the idiom of its birth, to be one of those réchauffés of history served piping hot and highly flavoured to taste. It is not the intention to suggest that the Vernon cooks are heavy-handed; merely to surmise that their style has been cramped by the familiar barriers of language and mentality. The picture they have re-drawn of the Russian Court round about 1750 is flippant and flashy. The likeness is more of a caricature than a free-hand portrait. We seem to be looking on at a semi-historical pantomime, fragmentary and loosely knit, pert and unreal, a charade which tries hard to be slick and naughty but lacks the essential diablerie and inspiration. Perhaps, as is often the case, one was primed to expect too much.

The cruel, dissolute Russian Court under the Empress Elizabeth, that strange but sinister harlequinade of vanities and vice, extravagant pomp and shameless intrigue, is rich in picturesque villains and unbridled heroines. M. Savoir and his adapters have divided the honours fairly equally between the Empress Elizabeth, to whom advancing years were no bar to amorous promiscuity; her futile nephew Peter, heir to the throne; and the beautiful German princess from Anhalt, who was summoned from obscurity at sixteen to be his bride, and who left her mark on history as Catherine the Great.

Of the three, the Little Catherine who changed her name as cheerfully as she changed her religion; who was cunning, kind, cruel, ignorant, and wise; who loved wantonly, not disdaining the humble sergeant and common Cossack—has the strongest claim to hold the stage. At the Phœnix we merely catch a glimpse of the shrewd but innocent girl before and soon after her marriage to the



"WHEN I AM CZAR"

Peter (Mr. Harold Huth) is a half-witted martinet who plays at soldiers and prefers a hunch-back mistress to the lovely Catherine



"ONE. TWO—ONE. TWO"

The comical sentry (Mr. Thomas Weguelin) selected by the neglected Catherine for her first amour

dictory a woman needed a part substantially built for careful and subtle character-building. In this and the later scenes she was called upon to attempt something beyond her emotional range.

Why Mr. Thomas Weguelin was enjoined to look and play the sentry as if he had walked out of the *Chauve-Souris* into farce is a mystery. With his cheeks painted like a toy-soldier, his stiff gait, and flippant staccato utterances, the part bordered on burlesque. It obstinately refused to "come across," and Miss Carroll, one thinks, cannot have found it an easy one to play alongside of. The author's idea, presumably, was to add another touch of satire to the comic-opera circus of the Russian Court—the mincing favourite in charge of the Empress's dog, the tumbling clowns, the drunken charlatan priest—a sort of embryo Rasputin—and all the rest of the strange Imperial cavalcade. Mr. Aubrey Hammond's one simple but beautiful scene, the uniforms and dresses by Gontcharowa and the general ensemble, do full justice to the pictorial side of the story, while Mr. Vernon's generosity in the matter of production also includes the luxury of

feeble-minded Peter, who neglected and insulted his wife, strutted about in extravagant uniforms, and bullied his Imperial Guard into final mutiny. The change in the girl's character from ingénue to deliberate profligate and political intriguer is encompassed in a matter of minutes. One moment she is passionately pleading for the return of Peter's love, the next wantonly flinging herself into the arms of a comic sentry. Miss Madeleine Carroll, in the demureness of a debutante gown, the virginal white of a bridal night-dress, and the cockaded finery of blue brocade, looks more lovely than words can describe. One cannot blame her for faltering in her stride at so swift and formidable a transition. In *After All* she showed a sincerity and feeling which went deeper than the light airs and graces of contemporary comedy. But to portray so complex and care-

incidental music by Mr. Norman O'Neill. As a picture the play is beyond reproach and deserving the highest praise.

The brunt of the acting falls on Mr. Harold Huth as the spineless, blustering Peter, and Miss Marie Tempest as the Empress Elizabeth. Mr. Huth, more suited to the romantic than the macabre, puts up a brave show, and is effective in the highly dramatic moment when the future Tsar, alone in an empty palace, runs down the distant corridors shouting in panic for the guard, and crumples up like a pricked bubble when the mutineers return to arrest him and deprive him of his crown. Miss Tempest bears the play on her shoulders by sheer artistry and personality, but she was hard put to it, I thought, to carry her first scene in which the elderly reprobate, surrounded by her clowns and courtiers, chuckles without regrets over her amours, and yet reveals herself as the shrewd diplomatist and inflexible ruler. Perhaps I am wrong, and Miss Tempest, who is a past master in the art of making bricks without straw, never felt the slightest need for an extra ounce of effort. There was a scene later when the Empress hastened the willing bride into her reluctant bridegroom's bed-chamber, and waited, enjoying the situation mightily for the Lord Chancellor to announce the consummation of the royal marriage, in public notification whereof the guns in due course boomed out their salute. Miss Tempest was at her most tactful and gossamer best on this somewhat delicate and, to a French audience, delectable ground. In her near-to-death scene she moved a

A WOMAN SCORNE
Princess Sophie of Anhalt (Miss Madeleine Carroll), afterwards Catherine the Great

worshipping house to an appreciation of a consummate piece of acting. As Peter's trusted A.D.C. Mr. W. Graham Browne brings off an effective thumb-nail of a cynical, yet sensitive, middle-aged bachelor, who falls chivalrously in love with his future Empress. Miss Barbara Gott is broadly amusing as Catherine's bourgeois mother. This piece delights the eye and has its bright intervals of good theatre. And, to offset any weaknesses in the main fabric, there's always the Immortal Lady.

"TRINCULO."



SOUVENIRS

Catherine's mother (Miss Barbara Gott), commanded to return to her draughty German castle and dull husband, collects a host of valuable trinkets from the Imperial palace and conceals them about her ample person



AT HURST PARK: MISS BAINBRIDGE, THE AGA KHAN,
AND MRS. BEARY



J. LAWSON, LORD ASTOR, AND R. DICK



AT CHEPSTOW: LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS
AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. VIVIAN



MRS. BERTRAM CORBETT



ALSO AT CHEPSTOW: MAJOR PEEL
AND LADY ESSEX

The main interest in this particular page of pictures is the snapshot of that famous entity on the turf and elsewhere, the Aga Khan, for on the day that the camera sharp-shooter got him at Hurst he had made the very popular announcement that, in spite of the 10st. 7 lb. which the recent victory in the Derby Cup put on Ut Majeur's back for the Manchester November Handicap, he would start him in the interests of those who had drawn him in the Irish Hospitals Sweep. At that moment Ut Majeur's price was 40 to 1; but this is not the main point; it is the Aga's sporting effort, and countless people were grateful to him. Lord Astor, who trains with Joseph Lawson at Manton, who has put up such a wonderful record this season, had one running in the big Two-Year-Old race at Hurst, Pompiér—third favourite—and unplaced. The going at the Chepstow 'Chases was on the puddingy side, but on both days of the meeting at this pretty little Monmouthshire course they had some good fun, and most of the races filled very well. Lady Blanche Douglas is one of the Duke of Beaufort's sisters, and Lady Essex is the wife of Lord Essex, Master of the Llangibby Hounds. Major Peel is an inspector of courses for the N.H.C.

CAMERA NEWS FROM THE MIDLANDS, LONDON, AND U.S.A.



SHOOTING LORD DOVERDALE'S PHEASANTS AT WESTWOOD PARK

A group taken during the luncheon interval at one of Lord Doverdale's covert shoots at his Worcester-shire home. In addition to the host and his wife and their son and daughter, the Hon. Edward and the Hon. Aline Partington, the group includes Miss Balfour, Mrs. Eyre, Lord Coke, Sir Richard Gull, Lord Sandys, Major-General Sir John Duncan, Air-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, and Mr. Hemsley. Lord Sandys is a near neighbour, being the owner of Ombersley Court. Lady Doverdale is Lord Elibank's sister. Sir Richard Gull comes from Oxfordshire and used to be in the Rifle Brigade



LORD SANDYS KEPT BUSY



"NANNIE'S" AFTERNOON OFF: THE HON. MRS. DAVID ECCLES AND THE HON. MRS. IAN BOWATER TAKE THEIR CHILDREN OUT

Being well-trained mothers, Mrs. David Eccles and Mrs. Ian Bowater, Lord Dawson of Penn's daughters, are prepared to step into "Nannie's" shoes when she has an afternoon off, and they always take their children out together. The blonde young lady is Susan Bowater, and the other pram conceals Jonathan Eccles. The Grand Duke Dmitri is a son of the late Grand Duke Paul of Russia. His charming American wife, formerly Miss Audrey Emery, was given the title of Princess Illinsky on her marriage in 1926. Their son is Prince Paul Illinsky



THE GRAND DUKE DMITRI AND HIS WIFE AND SON ARRIVE IN NEW YORK HARBOUR

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—Sacha Guitry has just added to his very considerable collection of theatrical and literary souvenirs a piece of rope which served to hang some unfortunate individual. Whether a criminal or a suicide history does not say. This gruesome but supposedly lucky token belonged to Gustave Flaubert's niece who died, this winter, at Antibes leaving a mass of letters, manuscripts, and various other mementoes that had belonged to her uncle, the illustrious author of "Madame Bovary," the famous but then considered scandalous novel that was banned for a time, and that must since have netted hundreds of thousands of francs for its publisher. All these souvenirs have recently come under the hammer, and it was at this sale that Sacha Guitry—I would never have imagined him to be so superstitious—outbid several other would-be buyers for the few inches of twisted hemp that was amongst the objects put up for sale. As a matter of fact it had not belonged to Flaubert himself. It was Guy de Maupassant who gave it to Mlle Caroline Hamard, Flaubert's niece, who, having lost her parents when she was six years old, was brought up by her uncle, and became, in Flaubert's own words, "his dearest little love." Maupassant accompanied his grim offering with the following sonnet:

Comme il y pendait déjà, froide et raide,
La langue tirée et sinistre à voir,
J'ai coupé, malgré sa mine fort laide,
Cette corde dont chacun veut avoir.
On répond qu'elle a merveilleux pouvoir
Qu'elle rend heureux quiconque en possède
Et les vieilles gens prétendent savoir
Que c'est à tous maux l'unique remède.
Mais si, près du ciel, corde d'un pendu,
Malgré son crédit partout répandu,
Malgré ce qu'affirme un ancien adage,
N'a pas le pouvoir si grand qu'on le dit;
Les vœux de celui qui le dépendit
En auront peut-être d'avantage!

This, the rope and the sonnet, were knocked down to Sacha for 780 francs . . . and cheap at the price when one considers that it was a souvenir both of Flaubert's "dearest little love," of Guy de Maupassant, and at the same time, a luck-bringing talisman against all evil. I doubt whether Sacha would have got it so cheaply had I been at the Salle des Ventes however! Hang it all. I'm superstitious, I am . . . and the sale took place a few days before the Irish Sweepstake.

It was a large smile that went around in this city when the daily papers came out with their headlines about "Juanita, the mysterious Parisienne" (one of the lucky winners in the draw), and it was discovered that "she" was a coloured musician at the Coupole. Happy Nig! More than ever were there sounds of revelry by night in the Montparnasse quarter that evening.

Not so happy are the young minidettes of Paris this "Sainte Catherine's" day. Every year on November 25 the big shops and *grands couturiers* have some kind of little fête or party in honour of

Sainte Catherine, who is the patron saint of all good little sewing (and other) girls! Business being NOT as usual this year, however, it has been decided that the festivities are to be put off till better times.

Pirandello's newly adapted play, *L'Homme, la Bête et la Vertu*, at the Théâtre St. Georges, is hardly likely to have the success of *Chacun sa Vérité* or the famous *Six Personnages en quête d'Auteur*. In various pre-premières interviews Luigi Pirandello was at pains to in-

form the world that he is tired of the tag attached to his name and that he is somewhat weary of the word "pirandellism." We gathered from this that we were to expect a new "manner," and we arrived at the theatre vulgarly (but metaphorically) licking our chops. Alas, this new comedy is hardly more than a gross farce and, though new to us, it has already seen the footlights many years ago in Italy, where it was vigorously hissed in the two cities where it was produced.

La Vertu is represented by an erring wife who is in danger of paying "Nature's penalty" for her indiscretion. *L'Homme* is her lover and father of the coming chee-ild. *La Bête* is her brutal, unfaithful, sea-faring husband who no longer loves her and yet who must be enticed back to his conjugal *devoirs* in order to save Virtue's fair (?) reputation.

The main scene of the play, in fact the whole of the second act, is a dinner party during which the husband has to be coaxed into eating a huge share of a sweet into which an enormous dose of cantharidic medicine has been mixed. . . . We were expected to be entertained at the sight of a nine-year-old child stealing the cream out of this cake while his elders (but decidedly not "beters") were busy squabbling elsewhere. We did not go up in the air about it quite so noisily as the Italian audience, but nevertheless we were not *amused*!! We are not easily shocked in Paris, but where children are concerned we have nicer feelings than M. Pirandello seems to think.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



SEZ ME! JOSEPHINE BAKER

The pose which made Italy sit up and take a bit of notice. The celebrated coloured comedienne and dancer did this outside her hotel in Cernobbio, Italy, during her recent tour



SACHA AND YVONNE AT A REHEARSAL

An excellent impression by "Tor" of the Guitrys when they were directing a rehearsal of Sacha's new "Chauve-Souris" show in six playslets at the Théâtre de la Madeleine



MADAME PAUL DUBONNET AND HER ATTRACTIVE LITTLE DAUGHTER,
ANNE PATRICIA LOLANGE

Taponier, Paris

Madame Paul Dubonnet, although she has changed her name, has not changed her habit of being the best-dressed and one of the most beautiful women in all France. She was formerly Mrs. John Victor Nash, and her present husband bears a name with which to conjure when good wine is mentioned. This nine-months-old little daughter promises to be as attractive as her mother

It's a Boy

Lady Oranmore and Browne's Baby,
the Centre of Family Admiration



A FAMILY GROUP

These pleasant pictures of Lady Oranmore and Browne and her family of four were taken quite recently in honour of the new arrival, a second son, who, at the time of writing, has not yet been christened. Before her marriage, which took place six years ago, Lady Oranmore and Browne was Miss Mildred Egerton. She is the elder daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Lady Bertha Egerton and a niece of Lord Ellesmere. Her husband, who used to be in the Grenadier Guards, succeeded his father as fourth baron in 1927. Lord Oranmore and Browne owns Castle Macgarraht in County Mayo, and also has a London house in Great Cumberland Place.

Photographs
by Swaebe



A PROUD MOMENT FOR THE HON. PATRICIA BROWNE

Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne's elder daughter taking great care of her baby brother while the Hon. Brigid Browne and the Hon. Dominic Browne look on critically. The centre of attraction, now about a month old, does not appear altogether to appreciate the attention he is receiving, but on the whole he is exceedingly amiable and friendly.



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE AND HER YOUNGER SON



"RAIN BEFORE SEVEN . . . !"

By Gilbert Holiday



THE WA

By T



TCHERS

inator



Life seems brighter
after
GUINNESS

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.161 A



LEILA HYAMS—DEFEATED FOR A WORD

The beautiful lady who is John Gilbert's opposite number in the recent film, "Chéri Bibi," a title that combines two languages—French and Hindustani



"DOUG," JUNIOR, AND ROSE HOBART IN A SCENE IN "CHANCES"

One of the essentials of success on the films is to learn how to kiss like this, and lovers of both sexes have to acquire this exhausting and suffocating trick. D. Fairbanks, Junior, is following in father's footsteps. He is just twenty-four, and made his debut on the Flickers in 1923. Rose Hobart is also one of the Young Brigade

SOME FOR THE FILM FAN



TAKEN OFF HER FEET: MARY DORAN AND JOEL McCREA, THE FILM'S LATEST RECRUIT

The muscular young giant is the latest juvenile lead, captured by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation. Before this when at his University he was an athletic crack. He looks as if he might be nearly seven feet high, and handling a light-weight blonde beauty like Mary Doran is just nothing at all to him



SIR GERALD AND LADY DU MAURIER WITH MRS. JOHN VAUGHAN AT A RECENT QUORN FIXTURE



LORD BADEN-POWELL AND MAJOR LEES-SMITH AT MARSH HOUSE

A meet of the H.H. near his Hampshire home was the occasion for this photograph of the Chief Scout. Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday this year, but his spirit is as young as ever. The group on the right was taken when the Meath were at Drumree Cross Roads. Mrs. Villiers-Stuart is the wife of the new Master of the West Waterford. Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Plunkett are the respective sons of Lord Powerscourt and Lord Dunsany

The presence of Sir Gerald and Lady du Maurier at Great Dalby was a great event, for the famous actor does not often attend a meet; in fact, he said his last experience of the sort was during the filming of "Escape." Mrs. Vaughan is responsible for the good management of Craven Lodge at Melton Mowbray



IN IRELAND: MRS. VILLIERS-STUART, THE HON. M. WINGFIELD AND THE HON. R. PLUNKETT

RECENT MEETS

Lord Farnham's son and daughter-in-law (see below), who were photographed when the Quorn met at Great Dalby, are hunting from Craven Lodge this season. They were married in 1930, and a son and heir arrived last July



THE HON. SOMERSET AND MRS. MAXWELL WITH THE QUORN



MR. EVELYN WAUGH GOES HUNTING

Having just produced a new novel, "Remote People," Mr. Evelyn Waugh is now hunting with the South Devon from Easton Court. If he always wears a soft hat it is to be hoped that no decline and fall will occur over the rough moorland country he has to negotiate. Dartmoor takes some riding, but provides wonderful opportunities of seeing hounds working



CAPTAIN THE HON. ARTHUR AND MRS. BAILLIE AT GREAT DALBY

Lady Burton's daughter-in-law was Miss Rosemary Laycock before her marriage and is a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall. They had only a moderate day from their Great Dalby fixture, scent being poor, and visibility was very bad in the morning

Pool, Dublin



Claude Harris, Regent Street

MRS. EBEN PIKE ("OLIVE SNELL") AND HER DAUGHTER, CHRISTIAN

Mrs. Eben Pike, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Eben Pike, is better known to her public as "Olive Snell," famous first of all as a portrait artist and now is almost equally successful where landscape work is concerned. Mrs. Pike was on the committee of the St. Andrew's Revel Ball, which was held on November 26, and was in aid of the Royal Free Hospital. Miss Pike is to be presented by her mother next year. During the past London Season "Olive Snell" had an exhibition of her landscapes and other pictures in oils at the Albany Gallery, and they attracted very favourable attention.

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A NICE old man entered the village inn. He chatted with the innkeeper for a few moments and then said:

"By the way, a poor fellow came to me yesterday morning and said he was starving. I sent him up to you and told him to have a good meal at my expense. Did he come?"

"Yes, that's right, sir," said the innkeeper.

"How much do I owe you, then?" asked the benevolent one.

"Four-and-six in all, sir."

"Four-and-six! He must have had a tidy-sized meal for that. What did he have?"

"Five pints of beer and a packet of cigarettes."

A ny man 'ere know anything about music?" asked the sergeant, addressing the platoon.

"Yes, I do," cried one man, quickly, scenting a chance to play instead of work.

"Then you can go and shift the piano in the sergeant's mess," was the unexpected reply.

"Now remember," said the sergeant to an Irish recruit, "the password is 'Saxe'—after Marshal Saxe, you know."

"Shure," was the reply, "an' I'll never forget it. Wasn't my father a miller and my uncle a coalman?"

Later in the day the recruit was challenged.

"Bags," he replied.

"Brown," said the manager, "I have noticed of late that your duties have been performed in a very perfunctory manner."

"Thank you, sir," said the grateful clerk. "I've been here nearly five years now, and that's the first good word I've heard."

"I don't like these shoes," said the difficult customer, after trying on about thirty pairs. "The soles are too thick."

"Is that the only objection?" asked the assistant patiently.

"Yes."

"Then, madam, I can assure you that that objection will gradually wear away."



Walter Bird

MISS DIANA CHURCHILL IN "CHAMPION NORTH" AT THE ROYALTY

This play was produced by Mr. Leon M. Lion at the Royalty on November 27, and Miss Diana Churchill plays the part of Nancy Forster, the juvenile lead. The play is a Westmorland rural comedy, and Nancy Forster is the daughter of the local squire. The authoress is Theodora Wilson Wilson, the novelist

There was a row at the fringe of an open-air political meeting, and a police officer gave a word of caution to a youthful firebrand.

"What we want here," said the youth angrily, "is a couple of machine guns."

"No," said the policeman imperturbably, "wot you want is a couple of aspirins. Now, move on!"

"I see," said the policeman to the mistress of the house, "that you have a couple of dogs. Have you licences for them?"

"Oh, no!" she assured him, "they're far too young. Only puppies, you know."

"Friskily little beggars," remarked the arm of the law, bending down and fondling them.

"Yes," answered the woman proudly. "And you'd never think they were mother and son, would you?"

The lights in the crowded underground train had failed and the passengers were thrown into confusion.

"Can I find you a strap?" the tall young man asked a young lady at his side.

She smiled sweetly. "Thank you," she replied, "but I have just found one."

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind letting go of my tie," he rejoined.

Two men wanted a quiet holiday, and they hired a horse-drawn caravan, but as it happened neither knew anything of horses or caravans.

When they arrived at their first camping place they descended and surveyed the horse's complicated harness.

Then one spoke: "Bill, I think you ought to undress the horse. After all, you're a married man."



Dorothy Winding

MISS BINNIE HALE FOR "BOW BELLS"

The new revue which is coming to the London Hippodrome quite soon, and is now having the finishing touches put on it. There is no better or daintier revue artist than this clever daughter of a clever father, Robert Hale. Mr. R. H. Gillespie presents, and with Binnie Hale are Randall, the comedian from the Folies Bergère, and Harriet Hector, the première danseuse from the Ziegfeld Folies

A Fragrant Tribute . . .



ELIZABETH ARDEN'S Bath Preparations are the perfect example of the practical gift glorified. Each is a little marvel of art and science, suave and satisfying in just that sense of luxury that a woman adores. Gay and debonair gifts that she would select had she herself the choosing

The two tall glass jars contain powdered Bath Salts that soften and perfume the water with Ambre, Allamanda, Jasmine, Rose-Geranium or Pine, 12/6. In the gaily flowered boxes are Venetian Dusting Powder, 12/6, and Snowdrift Talcum, 4/6. Three large cakes of exquisitely smooth, delicately fragrant soap in a box that will make a charming trinket case afterwards, are a fascinating gift. Jasmine in a box of jade green, Ambre in bronze, Allamanda in lapis blue, and Rose-Geranium in pink, 10/6 for three cakes. Milk of Almonds, containing pure almond oil, is an exquisite after-the-bath preparation, equally delightful as a hand lotion, 7/6

Write for Elizabeth Arden's illustrated book of gifts, describing her Beauty Boxes, Perfumes, Powders and other creations. Elizabeth Arden's Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

... OTHER BATH LUXURIES

- SOAPS ... June-Geranium, smooth, delicately scented. Guest size, box of six, 3/6 Hand size, box of six, 10/- Magnum, box of two, 7/6
- Eau de Nil. Three large cakes of unusually creamy soap of a delightfully refreshing green, 5/6
- BATH SALTS . . . Crystals in large be-ribboned jars, Rose, Pine, Ambre, 5/6, 10/6, 25/-. Compressed, 10/6
- VELVA LIQUID . . . A soothing lotion for the hands and body, fragrant of Eau de Cologne. Keeps the skin satin smooth and leaves a faint perfume. 5/6 and 15/6

ELIZABETH ARDEN

LONDON 25 OLD BOND STREET W1

NEW YORK

PARIS

Elizabeth Arden Ltd

BERLIN

ROME

(Copyright reserved)

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

Sir Hubert Gough's wonderful book, "The Fifth Army" (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s), has set a good many bells ringing, and may be very uncomfortable reading to a lot of people. I hope so, at any rate—for no greater injustice has ever been perpetrated in the whole history of warfare than the supersession of a General who fell back biting hard every yard of the way against odds of at least 4 to 1, but probably more, and certainly handicapped in another way, namely, because of the fact that the German troops which came on to that attack were fresh as paint, whereas ours were a long way off it. The part of the story which interests me most is not the account of Marshal Foch's unpardonable rudeness to General Gough, but this:

The 20th Division were fifteen miles behind the front, and I wanted to move it up . . . in addition I wished to move the 50th Division at least a day's march, and bring it to the east side of the Somme, as it was more than twenty-five miles behind our front. I asked authority of G.H.Q. for these moves. These steps were, in my opinion, both urgent, almost vital. G.H.Q. refused to allow me to move a man. . . .

But there is more to it than this. The Amateur Napoleon who believed that all our Generals were fools or cowards, and that the French had the monopoly of brains and bravery, was hanging on to a very considerable force to guard England from invasion! How well that German bluff worked! Everyone, excepting the Amateur Napoleon, ought to have known that never at any time had Germany the troops to spare for a serious operation overseas, and in 1918 in particular was this the case. The German Imperial General Staff never allowed itself to be diverted from that fundamental principle which lays it down that there is only one true objective in war, the main body of the enemy. Amateurs of that period believed otherwise, and were permitted to put their wild-cat theories into practice. The invasion bogey was a real feather in the German I.G.S. cap. It never was seriously considered; after Jutland only a maniac would have considered it as even a shadowy possibility, and Jutland was fought in May, 1916. Unless the invading German Army was able to find a magic carpet, it had no other possible means of descending upon these coasts. Raids by hostile ships on coast towns were about as far as the German High



AT SIR HAROLD BOWDEN'S SHOOT AT BESTWOOD

Sir Harold Bowden's seat, Bestwood Lodge, is not far from Nottingham town, and at this shoot the long-tails were plentiful, and everyone had a good time. Sir Harold Bowden is, amongst other activities, chairman of the Raleigh Cycle Company, and Lady Bowden was formerly Miss Muriel Ker-Douglas of Dalry, Ayrshire. In the picture the names, left to right, are: Sir Charles Nall-Cain, Sir Connop Guthrie, Lord Tennyson, Major Henderson, Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, Mr. J. C. Denison-Pender, and Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson

ating nature as to immobilize the American reinforcements which Ludendorff knew might be extremely awkward on his long-drawn-out left flank. His one chance was to get one army on the run; and that army was not the British Army. He missed his target, thanks to a British Army and General Gough.

The mention of the name of the late Fred Lawrence in connection with that of



AT CROSSWOOD, ABERYSTWYTH

Lord and Lady Lisburne and their children, young Viscount Vaughan and Lady Gloria Vaughan, who is the eldest of their three daughters. Lord Lisburne was originally in the Scots Guards, but was afterwards transferred to the Welsh Guards, and retired as a captain. Lady Lisburne is a daughter of Don Julio Bittencourt, formerly an attaché to the Chilean Legation in London

Colonel A. E. Jenkins under a recent picture in this paper will bring back memories of a very gallant soldier to a very large number of officers of the Rifle Brigade both past and present, for rarely has anyone who has served in the R.B. been more beloved. He was a Captain, so far as I remember, when he was killed in an ambush in some footing little expedition somewhere on the East Coast of Africa on to which people were so fond of getting in those piping times of peace. Fred Lawrence was treacherously murdered by the chief against whom this little mission was organized, and Johnnie Gough, V.C. (he got it in Somaliland later), who was in the same battalion with him and Teddie Jenkins "Jullunder" and others vowed that the murder should be avenged—and avenged I believe it was. Fred Lawrence was a fine performer on a horse and, if I remember rightly, he rode Zoedone in one Grand National and took a baddish fall. This was the mare on which the late Prince Karl Kinsky—then Count Kinsky—won the National in 1883. I am not quite sure of these facts, but I think they are as Lawrence told them to me. He left all his money to the R.B. or placed it at the disposal of the Riflemen's Aid Society. His was not the only good life that was lost in this kind of show, which always seemed to me to be hardly worth the candle; but then perhaps I'm wrong, because I think anything that is an adventure is worth it.

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT



PARFUM
Festival

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION
AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE
RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS
ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS
PERFUME EXHALES ITS PERFECTION
AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

A Rugby Letter : "HARLEQUIN"

NEXT Tuesday, at Twickenham, the fifty-sixth Oxford v. Cambridge match will be played, the score now standing Oxford 24, Cambridge 21, with 10 drawn games. In the 1874-75 season Oxford scored 2 tries to nil, but the match was drawn, as in those far-off days a goal was neces-

the touch-line before being given the ball. F. N. Tarr, afterwards killed in the War, whose merits as a centre were perhaps never properly appreciated, was largely responsible for Martin's tries, and C. M. Gilray, the New Zealander who discovered a qualification for Scotland, looked after Poulton.

The 1900 match was one of the most thrilling ever seen. Ten minutes before time Cambridge, firmly encamped in Oxford territory, were leading by eight points to nil, with the match to all appearance well in hand, especially as Oxford were short of a three-quarter, and that excellent forward, "Curly" Hammond, was filling the vacancy on the wing. Suddenly Oxford woke up, and a brilliant round of passing, in which most of the side took part, sent E. J. Walton away with a clear field and "Pot" Rogers kicked a goal. Cambridge, doubtless somewhat rattled, but still far from anticipating disaster, kicked off again, and Oxford, fighting for their lives, got another chance, and in went J. E. Crabbie, Rogers adding the points that won the match. Never at the closest fought international, not even at Wales v. New Zealand in the first All Blacks' tour, have I seen such delicious excitement, and most Oxford men were hoarse for a week.

But we are more closely concerned with next week's game, and the chances of either side. Both teams have suffered much from accidents, and it is quite likely that the sides that take the field will not have played together during the term. As these lines are being written there are still several blues to be awarded, and more than one invalid on the doubtful list. It is probable that neither side is quite up to the average standard, and the prowess of one or two individuals may decide the result. The most likely match-winner in the game is the Oxford captain, W. Roberts, the stand-off half, and he may quite easily lead the Dark Blues to victory. He was rather under a cloud early in the season, but has run into form recently, and on him Oxford's hopes mainly depend. If he has a bad day the Light Blues should win.

sary to secure a decisive result. Last year's draw was the first in this century, and but for an obviously incorrect decision Cambridge would have won.

The name of next Tuesday's official has not been announced, but it is permissible to repeat once more the hope that he will be an Englishman. There is absolutely no necessity to go outside England for a typically English match, for there are just as sound referees here as in any other country. This game is one of the plums of refereeing, and why should not one of our own men have it?

Naturally in such a long series of matches one or two stand out pre-eminent. Last year's gained unenviable notoriety as perhaps the dulllest and least exciting of the lot, and a draw was perhaps a fair result after all. "Robson's match," in 1929, when that hero dropped a goal and scored the only try, pleased Oxonians mightily, especially as it put a stop to the Light Blues' run of four consecutive victories. Ten years before, in the last match but one played at Queen's Club, Cambridge owed their narrow victory to the first penalty goal ever recorded in this series. Mr. Potter-Irwin was the referee, and if ever a decision was justified his was. Cambridge were pressing, and in their anxiety several Oxford backs got off-side. Nowadays men often do that with impunity, but "Potter" knew how necessary it is at times for the referee to take his eye off the ball. The failure to do so is the explanation of many obvious errors of judgment.

Another ten years further back we come to "Poulton's match," when Oxford achieved the record victory of four goals and five tries to a try. R. W. Poulton, playing on the wing, scored five tries and Hugh Martin, the Scottish flier, four. Needless to say there were centres in those days and wings were not almost invariably crowded on to



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY XV.

R. S. Crisp

The side which beat Edinburgh University 5 points to 4 in the recent match, which was a strong-paced gallop all the way. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Back row—C. R. B. Birdwood, J. F. Rees, W. H. Leather, P. R. K. Whitaker, G. S. Waller, J. G. Watherson, A. C. Lusty, G. H. Bailey; front row—H. B. L. Johnstone, J. L. H. Phillips, J. A. Tallent, J. G. Askeu (captain), R. W. Smeddle, P. W. P. Brook, F. W. Simpson



THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY XV.

R. S. Crisp

Which went under by 5 to 4 to Cambridge (seen in the group above) in the recent encounter, a close call and anybody's match most of the way. The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row: A. I. S. Macpherson, R. H. Ross, D. R. S. Milne, P. C. Barker, H. M. Lund, H. M. D. Shepherd, I. A. Graham; seated—R. J. Boyd, A. W. Haig, C. C. Barker, E. A. Jack (captain), W. R. Logan, F. W. Paul, W. A. MacDougall, and T. B. I. Muir



By Appointment to
H.R.H. The Prince
of Wales.



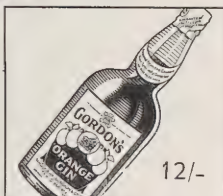
3

good drinks
made with the
whitest, purest and
best gin in the world
and guaranteed
by the name of

Gordon's

**British Gin
is Best...and
Gordon's is the
Best British**

NO COLOURING
MATTER
NO INJURIOUS
INGREDIENTS



12/-

Gordon's ORANGE GIN

Made with the fresh juice of
sun-drenched oranges—rich
in life's essential vitamins.



10/6

Gordon's *Shaker* COCKTAILS

8 delightful flavours mixed by
experts from the finest ingre-
dients. Ready to serve.



12/-

Gordon's LEMON GIN

Made with choice sun-ripened
Messina Lemons and so con-
taining properties which tend
to slimmness and energy.

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD., DISTILLERS, LONDON



MRS. BATTYE

An enthusiastic flying recruit who has already put in twenty-seven hours solo and many cross-country trips. She is a pupil of Captain Max Findlay of the Hanworth Aerodrome. Mrs. Battye's present intention is to start for the next King's Cup

sequences, and to borrow Mr. Gamage's phrase, how tall oaks from little acorns grow. At a filling station a minion carelessly replaced the oil-filter cap, so that much lubricant was blown all over places where it was not wanted. I did not like the appearance of this new finish, so I gave instructions for its removal with a paraffin brush, furnishing one of ample size. I do not know whether you realize it, but a paraffin brush, backed by lashings of paraffin, is an irresistibly fascinating instrument. My ham-handed gardener man was very soon one of its most resolute devotees. And when he had finished his rites I must say the insides of the bonnet looked quite altar-like. The only trouble was that after a bit the dynamo went out of action. "Pooh," I said, "a little paraffin on the brushes. We'll soon put that right." So I got one of them out in about two twos, cleaned it nicely, and put it back again. Then I attacked the other. After two hours of fruitless work—except that I had split three finger nails and spoilt one of my best shirts, I decided to leave that to my betters. At the local garridge an ingenious fellow with a very snick hand contrived to flick a spring out of its proper position into a highly improper one—at least that is how he described it. This meant that the car could not be driven at all without the likelihood of serious damage to the dynamo. Two groom men and a boy for three mortal hours fished for that spring with extemporized button-hooks, and never caught it but to let it go. Then they changed their tactics and uncoupled the dynamos and the tandem-magneto, but the former was so made that it could not be turned just quite far enough to give access to the brush-gear at the back of it. Along about 10 p.m. they called it a

Accessibility.

THIS perfectly true little story is rather against myself, since for the last many years I have always held—and, indeed, rather loudly so—that accessibility in all the major and even minor points of a motor-car was a long, super-annuated virtue. What is the object, I have often demanded, of being able to get at a thing in three jiffies and to reduce it to its constituent elements without the use of tools, if it never goes wrong? And what part of a decent motor-car does go wrong nowadays? They can seal the whole thing up in soldered tin cans if they like as far as I am concerned . . . that

is the sort of bold bravetting I have been saying forever so long. But mark the conse-

Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON

day. Starting bright and early the following morn they took the radiator off, and several things besides, and by mid-day everything was back again in its appointed place—clean and in working order. I thought this was a real triumph of automobile engineering. Mind you, I hold no brief for people with paraffin brushes, nor do I say that any working parts of an engine should be as readily exposable for inspection as a dental plate; but I still submit that a small thing that *can* go wrong should be capable of being brought to light in less than one hour's hard work. But perhaps, so far as this particular make of electric stuff is concerned, I am a "bit of a Jonah." I have had its specialities on seven cars, and never failed to curse the sight of them, for they have given nothing but trouble. Within the last few posts they have demanded £3 15s. for reconditioning an eight months old battery that has been treated as deferentially as though it were a royal baby—which price I may tell you is approximately the wholesale figure for brand new cells.

Most Intriguing.

The Singer Twelve-Six was one of those new models which figured in rather a spate of cars of this type that developed about the beginning of last September, and it may be said at once that its characteristics quickly brought it out of the ruck. I had a Sunshine saloon for a week-end and thoroughly enjoyed it for, to be frank, it turned out to be in general qualities superior to what I had expected. Fast I shall not call it, for its maximum speed is not frightening, but it is quite lively in acceleration, which is where the knots count most. Its brakes are very powerful, but in this individual car were not well adjusted, and it was not easy to pull up without a slight swerve, but their action is nicely progressive, and the control altogether is all that could be wished for. It is only under the most testing conditions, namely, driving the car to a stand-still up a hill, that one can get the smallest suggestion of a pink from a sweet-running

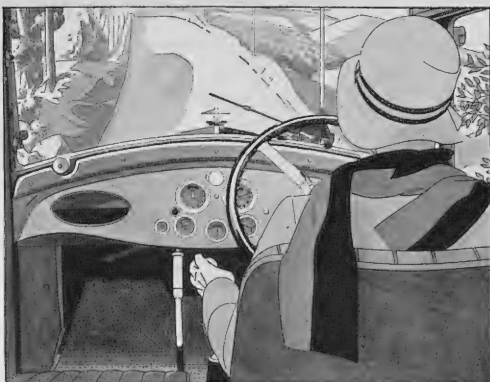
and utterly vibrationless engine. Hence the Singer is something that grows upon one, and if it has not great ultimate speed it averages very pluckily. What I liked most of all about it was the admirable way it was turned out, so that I kept saying to myself, "How can it be done at the price?" There is not a detail of refinement that has not received full attention. Everything "works," and works well. Both within and without the body finish is above reproach. That which comes under the driver's eye is especially beyond criticism. Beautifully ebonized woodwork makes a dashing contrast with impeccable chromium plate—and there are so many other details which please the eye.



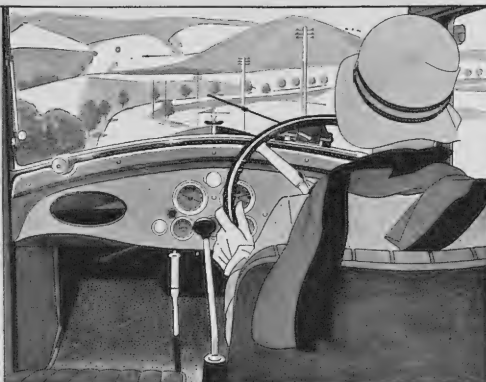
GEORGINA WERNHER AND THE COUNT MICHAEL TORBY

The elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher and Lady Zia Wernher's brother. Sir Harold Wernher is the Senior Master of the Fernie, who are in tremendous form just now and are showing the best of sport over High Leicestershire

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



"Here we are — just the place where Synchro-Mesh makes me a better driver. I never have any qualms about gear-changing in this Cadet."



"There—who could have made a quieter change from top to second? It's so simple that you just can't go wrong. And this second gear is as quiet as top."



The EASIEST, QUICKEST GEAR-CHANGE *you've ever made....*

**FAULTLESS
GEAR-
CHANGING
(SYNCHRO-MESH)
AND
SILENT SECOND
GEAR**

PERFECT gear-changing all the time when you're driving the new Vauxhall Cadet! With its new Synchro-Mesh Gears you find changing up or down just as easy as applying the brake. No double-declutching, no judging of engine speed, no slowing up as you change, no stalling, no noise.

And your second gear is as silent as top! Try for yourself what it feels like to drive a car with Synchro-Mesh Gears. Any dealer will let you take a run in the new Vauxhall Cadet. Ask him for the Vauxhall Cadet catalogue; or write to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.



VAUXHALL CADET

FOUR-DOOR SALOON

£285

(ex Works, Hendon)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof £10 extra

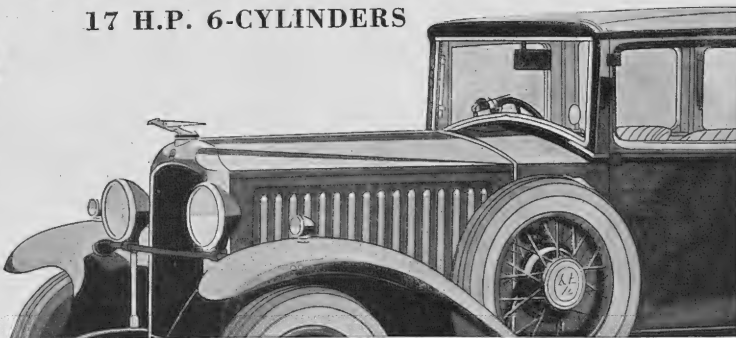
Two and Four-light sliding-roof Coupés £295

Drop-head Coupé £325

Tickford all-weather Saloon£325

There is a special 26-h.p. model for overseas.

17 H.P. 6-CYLINDERS



For those who want a bigger car, there is the improved 24-h.p. Vauxhall Silent Eighty, from £485
COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182, GT. PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE LADY ON THE SOFA

By PETER TRAILL

SHE was sitting on the sofa so that the light would fall directly upon the book she was reading. She looked about twenty-five, which was precisely her age, and she was certainly a woman at whom most men would glance twice. Her fair hair, though neatly coiffured, was not so neat that a man would not dare to rumple it; her blue eyes, though by no means soft, were not so hard that they would not melt; and her nose, nice and straight, gave her face character rather than mere prettiness. A slim ankle, a slim figure, and good clothes completed the lady at the moment when she raised her eyes from her book at the sound of a latch-key being turned in the front door of the flat. Almost immediately the door of the sitting-room was flung open, and another woman bounced in rather than walked.

"Hullo, John," she said, and then, seeing the lady on the sofa, remained by the doorway with her mouth open, and her eyes staring a little wildly in front of her. She seemed inclined to beat a quick retreat, but the lady on the sofa, putting her book aside very deliberately, spoke before she had any time to carry out her intention.

"Miss Race?" she said. The lady by the door nodded dumbly, and looked even more of a fool than she had done a moment previously. She didn't in a general way look a fool at all; there was plenty of intelligence in her brown eyes, and plenty of courage about her chin. She was, in fact, well used to taking care of herself and of the world as she found it, but the present situation owing to its unexpectedness was a little beyond her. Obviously the lady on the sofa was John's wife, therefore she was not at Antibes, and also obviously she must be wondering why her husband had given her a latch-key.

The lady on the sofa wasn't wondering why John Telson had done anything of the sort; she knew. As she looked at Miss Race, her blue eyes narrowed, and, if she had had any eyebrows worth mentioning, they would have met at the top of her nose.

"Come in," she said. "I expect seeing me is a bit of a disappointment, but John has a habit of being unpunctual, as I daresay you know, so we'll have to make the best of it." Miss Race came forward rather gingerly; she had no liking for the situation.

"You know who I am, then?" she answered, a little truculently.

"Why, of course I do. But as a matter of fact, to be quite frank with you I never thought to have the good fortune to run into you alone like this." Miss Race sat down and helped herself to a cigarette.

"No? Well, I can't see where the good fortune comes in myself. I understood from John that you knew nothing about me—us," she finished rather lamely. The lady on the sofa smiled at her brightly.

"Oh, but I didn't until a short time ago; but as John was proving rather neglectful I made it my business to find out exactly what he was up to." Miss Race lay back in the arm-chair and blew smoke into the air.

"It's your own fault; you shouldn't go gallivanting about the continent as you do; you know John hates it." The lady on the sofa sighed and looked contrite; then she looked stern.

"That's my own business, but what I want to know from you is whether you want to marry John." Miss Race sat up and her brown eyes opened wide in her consternation.

"Good heavens, no!" she exclaimed.

"Then I'm afraid you'd better put your latch-key on the table, write a farewell note to John, and make up your mind to leave him alone in the future; otherwise I shall have no option except to cite you." The lady on the sofa uttered her commands without any trace of feeling; her wishes were clear-cut, her tone unequivocal, and Miss Race looked into her blue eyes with a certain amount of astonishment.

"I say, you know, you are not in the least like John told me you were. I understood you were a little of a hypochondriac, a good deal of a snob, and every bit ugly." The lady on the sofa was not angry nor taken aback at this frank estimate of her.

"Men will say anything about one woman when they want another woman's sympathy," she answered calmly. Miss Race nodded.

"I'm sorry, I really am; if I'd any idea that you were—well, as you are—I don't think I'd ever have allowed myself to fall for John at all," she admitted, candidly. "As a matter of fact it's very decent of you to give me a chance to get out; I don't deserve it much." The lady on the sofa smiled.

"I think you are taking it very well. I'm sorry to be so down-right about everything but, you see, as I pay the piper it seems to me I ought to call the tune." Miss Race half stretched out her hand in sympathy, and then, seeing that the lady on the sofa was carefully not noticing it, withdrew it again.

"I'm dreadfully sorry; I had no idea that it was your money. Why I . . ."

"Of course you hadn't," came the soothing interruption. "John would naturally not mention the matter." Miss Race became more and more perturbed and, after smoking furiously in silence for a moment or two, gave expression to what she had been deciding.

"Look here! The whole thing's a damned shame. Don't you worry about me; I've had my fun and I daresay I can pay for it as well as the next woman. You cite me; you don't want to have a husband like John hanging around your neck. Perhaps I'll marry him afterwards and perhaps I won't, but I'll make him work, anyway, I'll promise you that." The eyes of the lady on the sofa grew quite soft and there was a good deal of feeling in her voice when she answered.

"That's very sweet of you, but I think a good deal of John's behaviour is my own fault. You were quite right when you said I'd neglected him; I won't do so any more. We'll find a way out together yet, if you'll promise not to interfere." Miss Race became indignant.

"As if I should! What's more, if you want any hints or tips as to how to manage him, you'll find my name in the book; just come along and I'll tell you what to do." The lady on the sofa arose at last and went towards the writing desk where she opened the blotter and got out a piece of paper.

"That's very nice of you too, but if you'll write a note to John now and not see him again, I think I'll be able to get along all right. The one thing I don't want is for him to find you here when he comes in; because if he does I must make a scene and I hate scenes." Miss Race went over to the writing table, and after biting through the top of the pen-holder, managed to write her farewell note to John. In her conversation she had been careful to hide any affection that she felt for him, but though she was very fond of him she was not nearly so sure, now that she had heard the other side of the question, that she was quite so fond of him as she thought she had been. Anyway, she told herself, she certainly didn't want to marry him, nor did she want a scandal over him, and keeping those things in the fore-front of her mind she was able to write to him with dry eyes.

"I've just told him that I'm going away for a bit, and so on," she threw out over her shoulder. "I haven't mentioned meeting you."

"I understand." Miss Race sealed up the envelope and without wasting any more time put out her cigarette and began to take her departure.

"Well, perhaps we'll meet again sometime. I'd like to; I like you," she said frankly, as she dropped the latch-key on the table.

"You never know. I'm very grateful to you for your help," the lady who had been on the sofa replied.

"That's all right." With an airy wave of the hand, Miss Race left, and the lady who had been on the sofa went back to the sofa where she gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

Miss Race had hardly been gone three minutes when the front door was again opened, and this time a man, John Telson himself, flung himself into the room.

"I've been hanging about outside for the last quarter of an hour," he exploded. "Well, did you manage it, dear?"

"Yes, John."

"I knew you would; it was no use my trying, there'd have been a dreadful scene. Much better to let you do it, and now we can go away without anyone to worry us." The lady on the sofa got up and kissed him.

(Continued on p. xxiv)

Don't waste good tobacco !

When time is of no account,
and the occasion serves,
smoke De Reszke *Americans*
by all means.

20 for 1/6

*

For more ordinary times,
when you still have leisure
to smoke a full-sized cigar-
ette right through, De
Reszke *Virginias* are the
cigarettes for you.

20 for 1/-

*

But for those occasions
when you want a "brief-
time" smoke (e.g., between
the courses) you will natu-
rally turn to the new De
Reszke *Minors*—a beauti-
fully made cigarette of pre-
cisely the same choice Vir-
ginia leaf as its bigger
brothers.

20 for 8d.



DE RESZKE

— of course !

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Proprietors. Established 1844.

THIS is a very serious article; believe me, an earnest young golfer and I have talked for a solid half hour trying to make up our minds on the very important subject, and that is—what to do with our Internationals? Of course, it is really no concern of ours; the powers that be will settle the affairs of the golfing nation without any lead from myself and the earnest young



Mrs. Jelf, Miss Livingstone, Miss Heather Palmes, and Mrs. Floyd lined up at Wentworth. They were all competing in the meeting which "Fairway and Hazard" ran for the Women's Automobile and Sports Association

lacks the stamina of the golfer of twenty years ago. Perhaps the War is to blame, perhaps it is the modern rush; but there it is, and possibly we should do better to face the facts than to rail at players for not resembling their forbears.

The difficulty of the whole matter is the congestion of the golfing calendar and the horrible expense for the best players if they are to travel to "home"



Mrs. Bligh, who plays for Cornwall, is a very neat figure on the golf course

golfer. Yet public opinion does count; and as the Council of the Ladies' Golfing Union can act only as its delegates advise, the sooner we all set about thinking the better.

Miss Molly Gourlay has thought seriously and to great purpose in a recent number of "Fairway and Hazard." Students of such matters will remember that this year she and Miss Wilson stood out of the matches between England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales in order to keep themselves fresh for the business, which to them seemed more vital, of devouring American entrants in the Open Championship immediately afterwards. As it happened only one American entered, and it did not fall to the lot of either Miss Gourlay or Miss Wilson to make a meal off her. But next year the

Championship is likely to see a terrific invasion, because Great Britain is to play America a week or two before, and the American players will presumably spend the intervening time between that match and the Championship tuning up for the almost equally important business of winning our Championship—if they can.

Our concern will be to give our players the best chance of doing likewise, and Miss Gourlay's contention is that you cannot play International matches between England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales on Wednesday and Thursday, an 18-hole qualifying round on Friday, and another 18-hole qualifying round on Saturday, and hope to be in your best form for the Championship. Individual honour and glory does not matter, but, as Miss Gourlay says, no one wants to see one of the few championships which Great Britain holds going over to the enemy because our best players have been tired out by preliminary family squabbles, so to speak. But those family squabbles are extraordinarily pleasant. England v. Scotland provides a match full of excitement, whilst Ireland and Wales would lose one of the best chances of bringing on promising players if the matches were eliminated. It is a knotty problem.

It is all very well to say that golfers have no business to be tired, that we in our young days were not so highly strung over these matters. Admit, if you like, that the present-day golfer

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

International matches at the end of April and again, as Miss Gourlay suggests, to the

Championship (therein to beat individual Americans) at the end of May.

It may sound a small detail, but I have rather a notion that part of the strain of the Internationals is the scurry which is inevitable for the team in the second morning match out who have to start first in the afternoon. This scurry would be almost altogether eliminated if the Internationals followed the custom in the Inter-Association Wilton Shield. The first match of, say, England v. Scotland goes out, and then the first match of Ireland v. Wales, and so on, right down the team. That means that afternoon opponents are playing directly behind each other, and will have an equal amount of rest before starting out again. I believe it would prove quite an important point.

We dare not, for our country's prestige, keep away the best players of all four home countries from the Championship; every man Jack of them will be needed to stem the American invasion. That seems to rule out Miss Gourlay's idea of playing England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales near London just after the present meeting at Ranelagh when the International Cup is decided by score play. But her other suggestion that the Internationals, if played at the Championship, should be a knock-out tournament has a very great deal to commend it. Perhaps it is not ideal; there is no getting away from the fact that at present England and Scotland are the strongest of the four countries, and that the winner of those two will hold the shield for the year. If in a knock-out tournament they should draw each other in the first round, the winner would still be virtually determined by that England v. Scotland match, but at least Ireland and Wales would have an excellent morning match of their own, with the incentive of a second round for the winner. If the knock-out tournament were got through on the one day, say on the Wednesday, there would be a whole day's rest before the qualifying on the Friday and Saturday, and only one night's sleep could be lost by the most nervous of Internationals thinking of her fate on the morrow.



Miss Foster, the Devon champion, doing some mental arithmetic while keeping a card

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE KING

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY Ltd.

Please write for new
Gift Suggestion Folder

Gift Suggestions

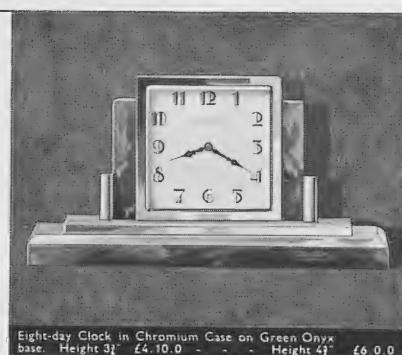
112 Regent St.
London, W.1
Corner of Glasshouse St.



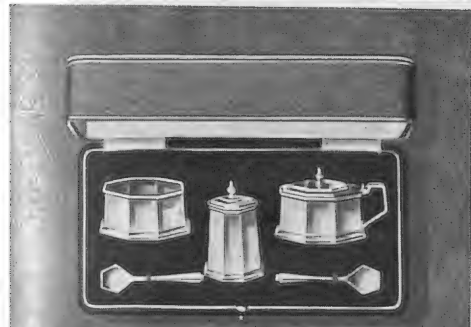
Sterling Silver Tea and Jug Set, comprising :—
Coffee or Hot Water Jug - - - £3.0.0
Tea Pot - - - - - £3.0.0
Sugar Basin - - - - - £1.2.6
Cream Jug - - - - - 17.6
Complete £8.0.0



Sterling Silver Hand-made Preserve
Spoons, antique patterns - each 10.6



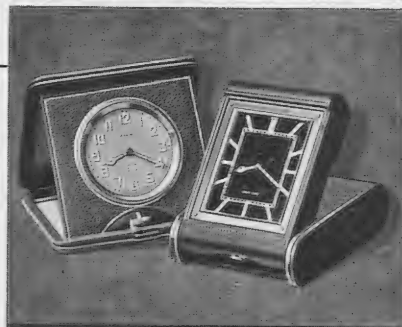
Eight-day Clock in Chromium Case on Green Onyx
base. Height 3½" £4.10.0 - - Height 4½" £6.0.0



Sterling Silver Condiment Set in velvet lined case
with Mustard Pot, two Salt Cellars, and two Pepper Pots,
complete in case - - - - - £2.10.0
- - - - - £3.17.6



Sterling Silver Pint Tankard - £3.17.6



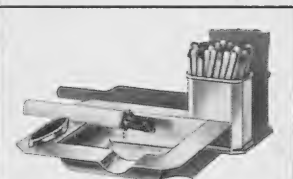
Disc Clock. The day of the month, which is indicated
by a figure on the dial, changes automatically at
midnight. In Morocco - - - - - £3.5.0
A new Travelling Clock with luminous dial. Size 3" x 4½"
Morocco or Pigskin £5.10.0 - - With Alarm £6.15.0
Crocodile or Lizard £7.0.0 - - With Alarm £8.5.0



Six Sterling Silver Rat Tail Pattern Afternoon Teaspoons,
length 4½" in velvet-lined case - - - - - £1.2.6
Twelve Teaspoons in case - - - - - £2.4.0



Sterling Silver Octagon-shaped Sweet Dish
Diameter 5" - - - - - £1.7.6
Diameter 6" - - - - - £2.5.0



Sterling Silver Ash Tray with Cigarette
Rests and Match Container - £1.1.0



Eight-day Clock in Oak Case. Height 5½" - - - £3.0.0
Eight-day Clock in untarnishable Chromium Case
Height 3" £2.12.6 - - - - - Height 4" £3.5.0



GIVE BRITISH



from the illustration, it adjusts itself to the exact size required, thus taking the place of several suitcases. Indeed a Revelation goes on expanding to almost unbelievable limits, and invariably closes easily, however full it may be. How smart they look with their perfect finish and shining locks and hasps. How light they are, and strong too, British made for a lifetime of rough usage.

AND NOW FOR SOME PRICES

There's a Revelation to suit everybody. Any man's sister would be enraptured with the dainty soft-top blouse case with moire lining and pleated pockets at 30/-; whilst for 70/- you can gladden the heart of any traveller with a suitcase of deep blue Revelex. For a mere 19/6 you will make any boy or girl returning to school the envy of all next term with a sturdy fibre Revelation. A business-like attache case for the City man can be had for 20/-. Then there's a smart cowhide suitcase from 69/6 . . . in fact a whole host of intriguing models. Come and see for yourself, and whatever case you choose make sure you see the name REVELATION between the locks.

AT LEADING STORES AND TRAVEL GOODS SHOPS.

All Revelation shops can show you numbers of wise and welcome gifts.



REVELATION

THE GIFT THAT GROWS

Write for Revelation list and prices or call at "REVELATION" 170, PICCADILLY W.1 (facing Bond St.)



"I ADVISE—"

by M.E.BROOKE

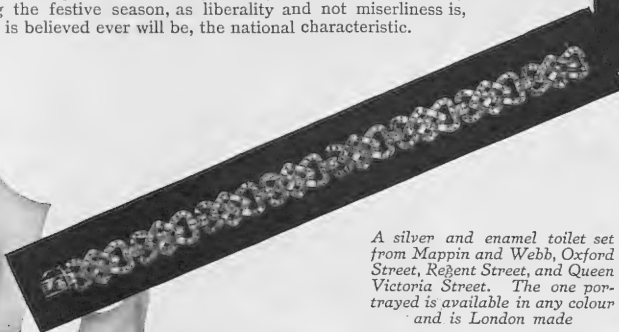
xmas gifts

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Christmas is rapidly approaching and men and women all the world over are faced with the task of choosing appropriate gifts for friends at home and abroad. It is in order to aid them to solve the problem satisfactorily that this and the following pages of THE TATLER have been compiled. It is a foregone conclusion that everyone will respond to the Prince of Wales' appeal to buy British, and that in addition they will buy generously but not heedlessly, as it is only in this way that trade can be truly assisted. Those in a position to speak with authority declare that a silver lining is already visible in the cloud of depression that has been hovering over the world. Undoubtedly purses will be depleted by outbursts of generosity during the festive season, as liberality and not miserliness is, and it is believed ever will be, the national characteristic.



Jewellery that bears the name of *Ciro*; some of the designs are pictured. The *Ciro* pearls are endowed with the loveliness of sea pearl, and there are the new *Ciro* diamonds in modern settings either alone or with *Ciro* rubies, emeralds, or sapphires



A silver and enamel toilet set from Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street. The one portrayed is available in any colour and is London made



An aid to beauty that bears the name of Harriet Hubbard Ayer, as in addition to *Luxuria* there are perfumes, toilet waters, manicure vanity cases, and bath salts



Pictures by Blake

"I advise—"

FOR THE HOME

Cadbury's new "Regent Assortment," as the chocolates are delicious and the boxes are artistic. The illustrations show that there is a variety of other chocolates bearing this world-famous name, to say nothing of the cup chocolate



For the motorist a Red Ashay illuminated mascot, the colours are made to change all the time the car is in motion. There are the all-British china figures above and on the left. They are sold everywhere

"Sorry," a new game this season; it is played on an entirely novel principle with a pack of forty-four specially-designed cards. It is British made and British designed and is sold practically everywhere. Chance and skill are factors in playing it



For the invalid a luxurious reclining chair from Carter's, Great Portland Street, a house which has long been famous for inventions which add to the comfort and happiness of those who are ill. There are also bath-chairs, bed-tables, and reading stands



Something for the house from Hampton's, Pall Mall. Illustrated are cushions with plaid effects trimmed with hand-woven fringe, also a fire-side box covered with damask





*This is not an
idle promise
you will
see a
difference
in the
morning*



FREE BOOKLET. Send to-day, for the free Cyclax Book "The Art of being Lovely." It gives you full directions for using Cyclax and helps with your own special skin difficulties.

FREE ADVICE. If you want advice and cannot visit the Salon, you have only to write to Frances Hemming, 58, South Molton Street, where a complete record is kept of our customers' special needs.

That's what is so encouraging about my treatment—you don't have to wait weeks for results. You can wake up *the very first morning* after you have started and see your skin clearer and smoother—*actually fairer* than when you went to bed. Wouldn't you feel keen to go on with a treatment that shows you such a difference . . . *so soon?*

OF COURSE IT IS THE SPECIAL LOTION—THE SECRET

Nothing else *could* do what this—the nucleus of the whole Cyclax system—can do for your skin. Because nothing else can really free it of *acid waste*—the clogging of discolouring poison that collects like a yellow film beneath the surface. Cyclax Special Lotion *attracts* this acid waste, irresistibly as a magnet. Overnight, while you sleep, it draws every particle of poison to the surface of your skin, where you can cream it away with skinfood before washing in the morning. After that your skin only *needs* a little massage night and morning with Cyclax Skinfood; a morning wash with the specially prepared Cyclax Soap; and a final finish with Cyclax liquid *non-greasy* powder base. Ten minutes night and morning will discipline it to perfect condition *within and without* and start it each day *afresh—soap and water clean*; lovely as it will *always* be with this simple yet fastidious care.

Cyclax preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country.

Frances Hemming.

CYCLAX IS ENGLISH ALL THROUGH. CYCLAX SPECIALITIES ARE MADE IN MY OWN LABORATORIES IN SOUTH MOLTON STREET

CYCLAX

58 SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON : BERLIN : PARIS : NEW YORK

Cyclax Special Lotion Draws acid waste from the skin 5/6, 70/6.

Cyclax Skin Food Nourishes and braces. Cyclax Special "O" Skinfood for dry skins. Cyclax Special "E" Skinfood for relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skin Food for exceptionally sensitive skins. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Complexion Milk (slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and eradicates lines. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Soap Has an exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes every trace of skin food. 3/6 per tablet.

Cyclax Blended Lotion A non-greasy powder base. For dry skins Cyclax Sunburn Lotion is more effective. 4/6, 8/6.

Cyclax Cleansing Lotion Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Powder In Seven shades or specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6, 8/6.



Yardley's English perfume Orchis, as there are no finer perfumes made than Yardley's; they have an authentic note of luxury and elegance. In addition to Orchis there is Chypre, Jessamine O' Devon, etc.

A Beauty Box from Cyclax, 58, South Molton Street, fitted with everything necessary for home treatment, or a pochette in all shades of morocco, with cleansing cream, day lotion, etc.



A visit to Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street, as there is an infinite variety of things suitable for Christmas gifts. Portrayed is a scent spray with monogram, powder puff (in very decorative handkerchief), and bowl, also a bowl of everlasting flowers and a sleeping cap



That women make themselves beautiful with Tan-gee preparations, as the lipstick gives to the lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in colour, nevertheless so natural, that it cannot be distinguished from Nature's own



This wrapper of pale pink façonné velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. Again, there are English, quilted dressing-gowns lined with floral cotton for a sovereign and an infinite variety of lace wool breakfast jackets



Fragrant Gifts

BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE W.2 :: PARK 1200

FURS ARE ALWAYS WELCOMED
as the most "seasonable" of Christmas Gifts
—and doubly welcomed when they are
"Bradley" Furs.

The very handsome Model Coat on the
right is designed in very
fine quality Persian Lamb. 159 gns.



The new and very smart Wrap Stole
above is in pure white
Ermine. 65 gns.

This Wrap can be made in other furs,
for day or evening wear, to suit
individual requirements.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place^{LD}
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

This really beautiful Fur-lined Evening
Coat is made in Black Chiffon Velvet
lined sheared Coney and trimmed with
Natural Fox Collar.

55 gns.

It is also made with a collar of
Marten-dyed White Fox, and lined
with Moleskin dyed to
tone with the Collar.

58 gns.

Many other less expensive Fur-lined
Coats for day and evening wear may
be seen in Bradleys' Salons.



"I advise—" Serviceable Presents

A Motoluxe coat. It is of the same family as the celebrated rug known by that name. It is made of fine alpaca yarn, and is as warm as fur

A hat from Henry Heath's, 109, Oxford Street. It is there that the smart affair above may be seen. It is companioned by a variety of others suitable for town and country wear

This smartly-tailored navy-blue coat was designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W. It is reinforced with white collar and cuffs

A handsome skunk stole, as it is smart and wears exceedingly well. This one comes from the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. There is no shop window as the pleasant salons are on the first floor

A cinema outfit from Vanité, 8, Sloane Street. It costs 8½ guineas. It consists of a black velvet skirt and lamé coatee like the smart affair portrayed on the right

Pictures by Blake

YARDLEY PERFUMES



English Perfumes!

YES, WHY NOT?

THERE ARE NO FINER PERFUMES
MADE THAN THE YARDLEY PERFUMES.
THEY HAVE THAT AUTHENTIC NOTE
OF LUXURY AND ELEGANCE FOUND
ONLY IN THE WORLD'S FINEST
PERFUME CREATIONS.

ORCHIS CHYPRE
JESSAMINE O'DEVON
ETC.



Orchis

by Yardley, perfume of exquisite beauty; the complement of lovely things, of ermine and sables, of shimmering silks and golden tissues, of the lambent fire of gems and the soft splendour of pearls. It is created for fair women wise in the art of gracious living, the love of fine things and a just appreciation of their beauty. To them it is dedicated.



PRICE 19/6

Smaller sizes - - - 10/6, 6/6, 3/9

Powder 1/9 (In tints to suit your complexion) Compact 2/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS AND STORES

YARDLEY 33 Old Bond Street LONDON

"ADVISE—"



Presents for the Club-man

Dewar's White Label Whisky. It is sold ready packed and labelled in strong, seasonably decorated cardboard cartons. It is all ready for despatch with the exception of directing the label



Booth's Dry Gin; owing to its maturity it is excellent for long drinks and ideal for cocktails. It is obtainable in three, six, and twelve bottle cases



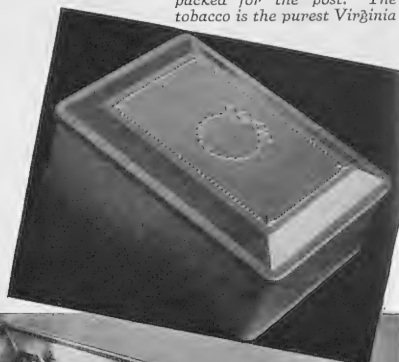
Golf balls. Those pictured are made by the North British Rubber Co.; they can be obtained in gift boxes containing two, three, or six balls

De Reszke Cigarettes, either plain or ivory tipped. Millhoff & Co., Piccadilly, are making a feature of caskets containing three fifty tins. They are also available packed for the post. The tobacco is the purest Virginia

Antiquary Scotch Liqueur Whisky; it is known wherever people of taste and discrimination assemble. The proprietors are Messrs. J. and W. Hardie of Edinburgh



Wm. Grant and Sons' Whisky, which includes "Stand Fast," "Best Procurable," and Grant's Liqueur. This firm are the sole proprietors of the Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, situated in the Highlands of Banffshire

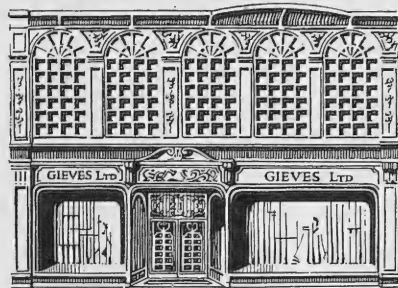


Pictures by Blake



By Appointment.

**21,
OLD BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1.
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHAMPTON
EDINBURGH
LIVERPOOL
GIBRALTAR**

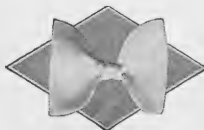


By Appointment.

**31,
BURLINGTON
ARCADE, W.1.
PLYMOUTH
WEYMOUTH
SOUTHSEA
CHATHAM
MALTA**

Gieves
LIMITED

1785 — MEN'S OUTFITTERS, TAILORS · HATTERS · HOSIERS — 1931



A choice and varied collection of Xmas Gifts can now be seen at all Gieves Shops.

"I advise—" Fashionable Presents



For the sports enthusiast a cashmere shirt from Finnigan's, Bond Street. The one pictured is accompanied with a tie and two collars, the scheme being completed with a black felt hat



A decorative coat for town and country wear. Gooch's, Knightsbridge, are responsible for the fashionable short beige lamb model pictured. It is endowed with unique wearing possibilities



A smart felt hat from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. The one above is a copy of a Patou model, its charm being increased with a brown and white feather mount



A fur set from Revilons, Regent Street, W. This one is a study in brown and beige caracul; the scarf is triangular and the muff round



For the golf enthusiast a suede coat with zyp fastenings. This one comes from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street. It is seen in conjunction with a stitched felt hat of a lighter shade

Pictures by Blake

Miss MADELEINE CARROLL

now playing in "Little Catherine" at the Phoenix Theatre
writes:

"ONE of the greatest considerations of every actress—and indeed of every woman—is to preserve her beauty and charm. Above all, it is essential for her to keep in perfect health, and to counteract fatigue and strain in every way possible. I think there is no better tonic for this than Phosferine. Whenever my mirror disappoints me, I always feel I must turn to my old friend Phosferine."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREAT ALL BRITISH TONIC FOR

Influenza
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain Fag
Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

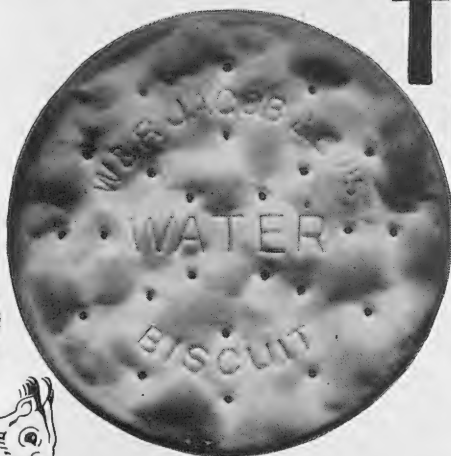


The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the Public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

Aldwych

ORDINARY
OR
HIGH BAKED



The only water biscuit with the *true* nutty flavour.

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream.

Loose, in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.

JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS

W. & R. JACOB & COMPANY, LTD.

"I ADVISE—" "Good Companions"



Haig's Gold Label and Dimple Whisky in decorative containers. In addition there are cases containing two, three, six and twelve bottles, on sale everywhere. For some 304 years the House of Haig has been consistently producing Scots whisky

A bottle or a case of Hennessy's famous XXX or of the XO or the superb liqueur Cognac that is guaranteed to be over forty years old. The name of Hennessy has made the name of Cognac famous all over the world

A bottle of Cointreau, as owing to its delicious orange flavour and lack of excessive sweetness it has become a very popular liqueur. It is made by the famous firm of "Cointreau of Angers" and shipped to this country specially distilled Extra Dry for England



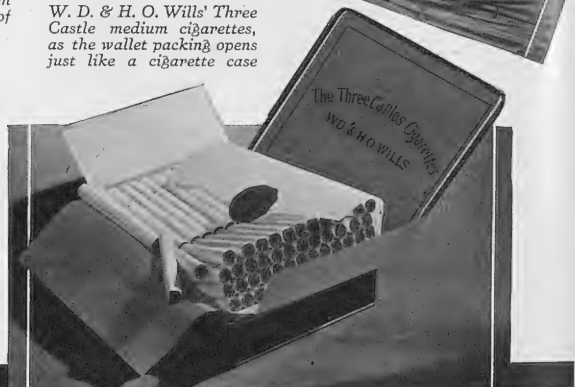
Bottles of Hiram Walker's Canadian Club, American Rye or Bourbon Whiskies, as they have passed the censorship of connoisseurs in whisky in all parts of the world



Craven A as there are many packings in order that all tastes may be suited. There is the "Thuja" design casket and the Parisian Velour box. They are wrapped in a new patented material known as "Moist Proof Cellophane"



W. D. & H. O. Wills' Three Castle medium cigarettes, as the wallet packing opens just like a cigarette case

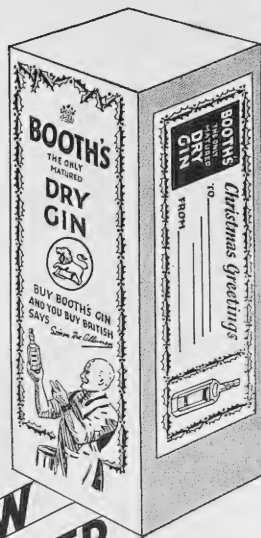




GIVE BOOTH'S DRY THE ONLY MATURED GIN

This Christmas

IN THE NEW
GIFT CONTAINER



There is no gift more welcome than a
3, 6 or 12 bottle case of BOOTH'S DRY

Always a welcome gift at Christmas—this year—Booth's Dry Gin has another point to recommend it. Whole, half and quarter bottles can be obtained packed in attractive gift containers (without extra charge) to convey your greetings.

See that you give BOOTH'S DRY, it is British, and because it is the **only** matured gin—

IT AIDS DIGESTION

IT BRACES UP THE SYSTEM

ACTS AS A TONIC

KEEPS YOU SLIM

AND RESULTS IN PERFECT HEALTH



If your friends enjoy
GOOD COCKTAILS

Give them BOOTH'S Martini (Dry or Sweet) made of the finest ingredients and at a special strength. Sold ready mixed in the special frosted bottle by Wine and Spirit Dealers at 10/6 per bottle.

BUY BOOTH'S GIN AND YOU BUY BRITISH

SAYS SIMON THE CELLARMAN

Gifts for the Man



A present for a dog from Woollands, Knightsbridge. Among them is the decorative feeding trough pictured in self coloured pottery with Clumber spaniel; again there are picnic sets for two and four people fitted with artistic Beal ware



A useful gift that bears the name of Wolsey. There are sportsmen's socks, knitted gloves for owner drivers with ribbed cuffs, scarves, and there are the pure silk stockings in all shades with Cuban heels

That a visit be paid to one of the Austin Reed shops, as there are assembled a variety of gifts that make a direct appeal to men. Among them are the slippers and muffler portrayed; they are accompanied with dressing gowns, pullovers, ties and hose



An "Allegra," of which there are two models, D and E; both are fitted with a reversible honing and stropping block, thus saving the user the trouble of having to remove the blade holder from one side of the machine to the other



These are Rolex wrist watches. The "Prince" is made in silver or gold and the "Princess" for women is available in white or yellow gold. These and many other Rolex models suitable for gifts are obtainable at all good jewellers

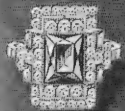


Pictures by Blake

Ciro rises to the grand occasion



5370. This distinctive ring is mounted entirely with **Ciro Diamonds** in **platinette**. 4 guineas



5378. A superb **Ciro Ruby** (Sapphire or Emerald) and **Diamonds** in a chic design. **Platinette** mounted. 3 guineas



5389. Specimen **Ciro Emerald** (or Sapphire) uniquely mounted with **baguette** shoulders in **platinette**. 3 guineas



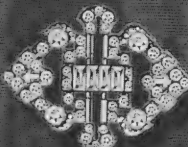
5351. A lovely modern Ring of **Ciro Sapphires** (or Emeralds) and **Diamonds** in **platinette**. 4 guineas



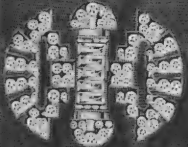
4998. Extremely smart Clip of **Ciro Diamonds** set in **platinette**. 4 guineas



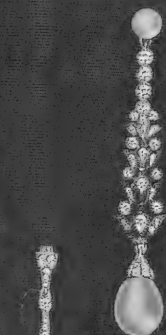
4824. Charming Clip set **Ciro Diamonds** and **Emeralds** (or Sapphires) in **platinette**. 4 guineas



8029. The new "Limpette" Brooch in effective design. **Ciro Diamonds** throughout. 4 guineas



8044. Another new "Limpette" Brooch, set entirely **Ciro Diamonds**. 4 guineas



1367. Exclusive Earrings: **Ciro Pearls** and **Diamonds**, in **platinette**. 4 guineas.



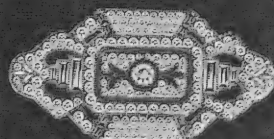
1399. Original Earrings **Ciro Emeralds** (Sapphires or Rubies) and **Diamonds** **platinette** mounting. 4 guineas



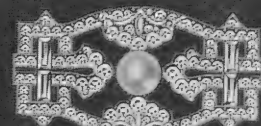
1392. Delightful Earrings intriguingly mounted with **Ciro Diamonds**, **platinette** setting. 3 guineas



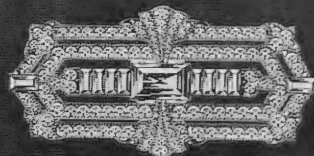
1355 Earrings of **Ciro Diamonds** and **Sapphires** (or Emeralds) in a charming **platinette** setting. 7 guineas



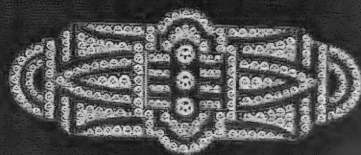
4917. Elegant Brooch of **Ciro Diamonds** and **Emeralds** (or Sapphires) in **platinette**. 6 guineas



4516. A stylish Brooch for any occasion. **Ciro Pearl** and **Diamonds** mounted in **platinette**. 4 guineas



8003. A delightful Brooch: **Ciro Emerald** (or Sapphire) with **Diamonds**, in **platinette**. 3 guineas



8016. Exceedingly beautiful Brooch in a new design, lavishly mounted with **Ciro Diamonds**. **Platinette** setting. 6 guineas

If the gem is beautiful and the jewel is exquisite, what more can be asked? Only its price! **Ciro's** have given the world of fashion the lovely equals of the finest gems that money can buy. And this at prices which would be ludicrous if they were not real. The selection shown represents a few examples of **Ciro jewel-craft**. Please examine them at your **Ciro shop**—Christmas, the great occasion, is near!

THE **CIRO** CONFIDENTIAL CREDIT SYSTEM IS AVAILABLE FOR ALL PURCHASES OF THREE GUINEAS AND OVER

Ciro

48 OLD BOND STREET, W. * 178 REGENT STREET, W.
AND 120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

I am very grateful to the members who so kindly send me photographs, but I want more, please! More especially do I want photographs from members with small, unknown kennels. The large famous kennels can look after themselves, but the owners of small ones should realize that in these days what you want is to be noticed if you want to get on. Any pictures or news of kennels or dogs are acceptable.

The Chow is one of those breeds which seem quite unaffected by the vagaries of fashion. He is a dog of very great character and, like all persons of character, has many devoted friends. He is chiefly known to us as sitting on the doorstep of his house in London, surveying the passing scene with Oriental aloofness, or taking solitary walks in the parks, returning quite undisturbed by the most alarming traffic. He is a dog who likes his friends but does not care for strangers, though he is not savage, merely aloof. Mrs. Conway is one of his admirers, and has done well with hers on the bench. She has some very nice puppies for sale, and sends a photograph of a lovely bitch pup which she has for disposal. This pup was born in June and will be a good one. Her sire is Champion Rochov Dragoon. Mrs. Conway also has red and black pups born later for sale. These are all high-class puppies.



SHOW PUPPY

The property of Mrs. Conway



GREAT DANES

The property of Mrs. Ballingall

dare enter a house if a Great Dane opposed it. There are always puppies both of Labradors and Danes for sale, also Shetlands. Mrs. Ballingall lives at Kincardine-on-Forth, and is pleased to show her dogs and ponies to anyone motoring north. All the animals are of the highest breeding possible.

I have a letter from Miss Loughrey; she says: "I am afraid we have a very nice deerhound puppy looking for a home. He is charming as to head and character, but hurt his shoulder; he is not lame now, but has gone off the straight on that leg. He is five months old, very well grown, and in the best of health. We expected a lot of him." This is hard luck on the Misses Loughrey, and they will give this puppy to a good country home.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

hoping for some very good puppies this year, as I have two wonderful bitches due to whelp this month," so there should be something doing in Boston terriers in the future.

Having owned a successful racing stable in India for some years, Colonel and Mrs. Ballingall felt they must have some interest on returning home, so they have settled in Scotland where they breed Shetland ponies, Labradors, and Great Danes. The Labradors are all trained and used for ordinary shooting. Mrs. Ballingall sends a picture of some of her Great Danes; it can be seen what fine dogs they are. They are of the very best breeding, and are all house-trained. The Great Dane makes a splendid companion and guard. One could walk in any lonely place accompanied by him, and no one would



JUNIOR

The property of Lady Essex

Benson's DIAMOND-SET BRACELET WATCHES



7397



7398



7405



7396

No. 7397
Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on 18-ct. White Gold Milanese Band. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £87.10.0

No. 7405
Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on 18-ct. White Gold Milanese Band. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £20.0.0.

An invitation

INVESTIGATE BENSON'S CREDIT TERMS AT CASH PRICES

Here are examples of the exceptionally high value now being offered, by Benson's in Diamond-set Bracelet Watches—each an exquisite little creation and guaranteed by Benson's for accuracy. A possibility, which Benson's have foreseen, is that, at the present time, you may be reluctant to disturb your bank balance. You are, therefore, expressly invited to-day to investigate Benson's "Times" System of Monthly Payments. This system has been in operation many years, and is free

C123

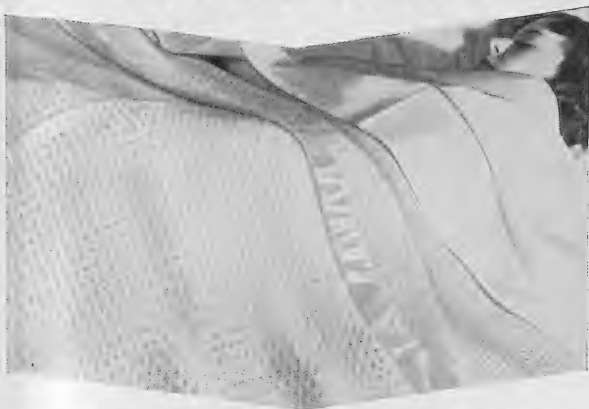
from all the onerous conditions and restrictions of ordinary hire purchase. It is financed out of the Company's reserve funds, and, consequently, the question of interest does not arise. You pay the cash price only. For example, a watch costing £20 can be yours at once, to wear or to bestow, for £1 down, nineteen payments of the same amount completing the purchase. Full details, together with Benson's illustrated wristlet watch catalogue, will be sent on application.

No. 7398
Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on 18-ct. White Gold Milanese Band. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £75.0.0.

No. 7396
Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on 18-ct. White Gold Milanese Band. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £65.0.0.

JW Benson 62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.4.
LTD. Established 1749

A feather-light * BLANKET *



that keeps you
WARM . . in winter
COOL . . in summer

A blanket that adjusts itself to *every change in the temperature*. That keeps you warm on the bitterest winter night—cool in the sultry heat of summer. Bringing you restful, tranquil sleep all the year round.

Lan-air-cel—the cellular blanket. Woven in a pattern of small cells that hold countless small pockets of air. Feather-light—and *magically warm!* *Magically cool!* Ideal for babies and children.

A most acceptable Christmas or wedding gift. Made in Scotland of pure new wool, satin bound or with whipped ends. In Cream and 9 exquisite pastel shades to tone with any bedroom colour-scheme. Can be washed again and again without fading or shrinking. At all good stores.

Write for booklet "*Healthier Sleep*" (post free) and for the name of your nearest retailer, to McCallum & Craigie Ltd., Shettleston, Glasgow, E.2, or 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

LAN-AIR-CEL

REGD.

CELLULAR BLANKET

CHOSEN BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK

INVENTED 100,000,000 B.C. Mother Nature hit on the idea of the air-cell as a protective covering aeons ago when she invented fur and feathers which catch and hold countless small pockets of air. Since air is a *non-conductor of both heat and cold*, Nature's covering keeps animals and birds "warm in winter and cool in summer."

In making Lan-air-cel, we have used Nature's artifice and woven a cellular blanket for your greater bodily comfort and repose every night of the year.



"Nell Gwynn" Candles are wonderfully decorative and add a touch of colour to dark corners.



This special gift box contains four 14 in. "Nell Gwynn" Candles with bases to match and costs only 5/.

If unobtainable locally, send remittance and we execute post free.



Soft "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight creates an atmosphere of warmth and hospitality, and the fair sex looks even lovelier.

FIELD'S
"NELL GWYNN"
 Solid Dyed Candles

FREE ♦ An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. W, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS



MR. KAYE DON AND THE LADY DROGHEDA

With the Singer Junior Special Coachbuilt Saloon. In the foreground Mr. W. E. Bullock, Managing Director, and Mr. Richard Hungerford, Sales Director of the Singer Company

It is difficult to realize that the British motor industry, now so important a factor in the national scheme, is actually an infant concern compared with the majority of our leading undertakings. It is thrown into strong perspective, however, by the announcement that one of its pioneers has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. This is Mr. William Riley who, rather over forty years ago, took his first step towards becoming a motor-car manufacturer by purchasing a cycle manufacturing business. The history of the Riley concern from that date is an illuminating record of the growth of the motor industry. William Riley was a man of foresight. He controlled a prosperous weaving business in the days when weaving was Coventry's leading industry, and yet, standing as he did at the threshold of the speed age, he saw its promises so clearly that he

chose it, instead of his own established trade, as a 'career' for his sons. At first the manufacture of cycles exclusively occupied the father's attention, but the sons were eager to turn to the motoring side and, with slender resources but much enthusiasm, themselves equipped a factory with plant for the production of engines.

One of the cheapest miniature motor-cycles yet put on the market emanates from a famous Coventry motor-factory, that of the Triumph Company. The new machine, designed to take advantage of the late Government's 15s. taxation scheme for small motor-cycles, is in every way a utility mount for the man in the street, and it costs only £16 16s. complete, electric lighting being included in the price. The latest model bears a name which has always been associated with Triumphs—"Gloria" being a trade name applied in the past to the firm's side-cars. The engine is a 98 c.c. 2-stroke, mounted in an ingeniously designed frame which allows the removal of both engine and gear-box by the undoing of only three bolts. Two speeds are provided. Sturdy forks, Dunlop 25 in. by 275 in. tyres, and a soft top saddle contribute to the rider's comfort, and the handle-bars, of the clean type, are adjustable. Four-inch diameter internal expanding brakes are more than sufficiently powerful for this featherweight of 120 lb.



A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR MOTORISTS

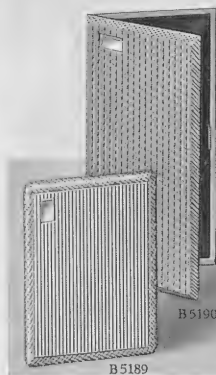
A practical and inexpensive gift is a set of K.L.G. Plugs, which are British and Best. Sets are packed in metal containers, which are fitted to form useful and permanent spare plug carriers

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd

London Showrooms:

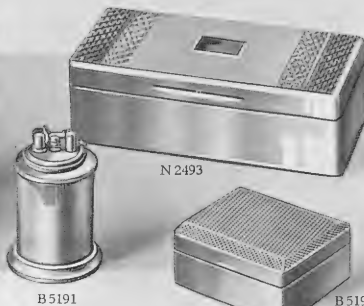
156-162, OXFORD STREET, W.1
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4
172, REGENT STREET, W.1

A Catalogue of
GIFTS
Gladly Sent.



B5190

B5189



N2493

B5191

B5192



B5193. English Cut Glass Spirit Decanter, Engine-turned Sterling Silver mount. £2 2 0

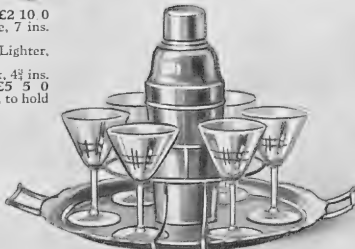


G2212. Crocodile Cigar Case, chromium plated Sterling Silver mount. For 3 Cigars. £2 0 0

- B5189. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, £2 10 0
B5190. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, 7 ins. long, £3 10 0
B5191. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Patent Cigar Lighter, £1 12 6
N2493. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, 4 1/2 ins. long, £3 5 0 5 1/2 ins. long, £4 10 0 7 1/2 ins. long, £5 5 0
B5192. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, to hold 25 Cigarettes, £1 5 0



G2211. Finest quality Sheffield Steel Instrument & Knife, with two blades, buttonhook, corkscrew, screwdriver, piercer, stiletto and tweezers. Fine ivory handle with shackle. £1 5 0



2668 1/2. Prince's Plate Cocktail Service, with 6 English Cut Glasses. £5 5 0 (The Tray can be used separately.)

3267. Silver £5 5 0
9-ct. Gold 7 15 03268. Silver £5 5 0
9-ct. Gold 7 15 0
18-ct. .. 10 10 0

ROLLS-ROYCE

Achievements

Since its inception the Rolls-Royce has been universally recognised as
THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

It is built to be the smoothest, the most silent, the most flexible and the most comfortable at all speeds.

AERO ENGINES

What the Rolls-Royce car is in the automobile world, the Rolls-Royce Aero Engine is in the world of aviation.

THE FASTEST AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD

Supermarine Rolls-Royce holds the record of 407.5 m.p.h.

Rolls-Royce Aero Engines provided the motive power for the winning *Schneider Trophy Machine* and are installed in the latest aircraft in the *Royal Air Force*.

THE FASTEST WATERCRAFT IN THE WORLD

is fitted with Rolls-Royce Aero Engines.

Miss England II holds the record of
 110 m.p.h.

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 [MAYFAIR 6201]



Quality Mated

There is almost magic in the name "Rolls-Royce"—as there is almost magic in the car. For there is built into every Rolls-Royce quality which the whole world has tried in vain to equal.

What oil shall serve "The Best Car in the World"? Rolls-Royce Ltd. choose Castrol—and who, on such a subject, is better able to judge?

Yet Castrol costs no more than lesser oils. Therefore, let it preserve your car for you, for to you, yours is "the most important car in the world."



ROLLS-ROYCE
use & recommend
WAKEFIELD
CASTROL

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Fly British.

TO the injunction, "Buy British," I add the injunction: "Fly British." But why British? Many reasons have been given for preferring British to foreign goods at the present time, and all of them are unreasonable reasons. For example, it is said that one should buy British on patriotic grounds; but remember that Doctor Johnson, a great Englishman if ever there was one, characterized patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. Again it is said that one should buy British to help employment. But it is not the duty of a purchaser to cure unemployment by unconditional subsidy. Unemployment in this country is due to the wasteful pester policy; the system of intensive interference which has been the most remarkable feature of recent English history. Millions of pounds have been and are being spent in the greatest of all British businesses—the business of looking after other people's business. At a time when every able-bodied man and woman should be striving to produce, and to help others to produce, we find hulking policemen gambolling in the night clubs with shrieks of joy and "taking the names of those present." The British statesman's outlook is that of the mother who said: "Nurse, go and see what baby's doing and tell him not to."

It is time to save that expenditure of time and money on meddling and to turn the country loose to create a World's Record in Work. It would create that record as certainly as it created a world's record in speed if it were but given freedom and responsibility. And that brings me to the only true reason for buying British goods.

A Real Reason.

There is only one reason; it is because they are the best. When they are not the best—and there are such cases—it would be an act hostile to Britain and to the Empire to buy them. To buy them would encourage inferior work, slackness, and inefficiency. (I saw a British



MR. R. R. DARLING OF
THE REDWING COMPANY

Mr. Darling is the presiding genius of this Company, and in a very short time he has succeeded in putting the Redwing in the forefront of British light aeroplanes. His system of pilot-apprentices was a happy inspiration, and has proved extremely popular and successful

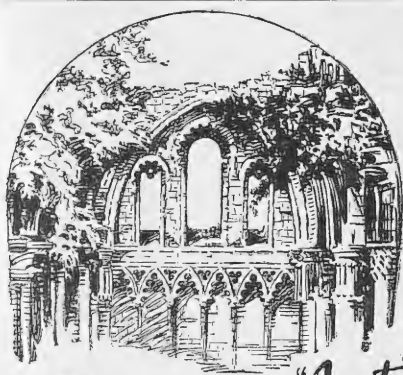
film at a big London theatre which made one wilt with shame and discomfort by its infantile ineptness.) Only when British goods are best is it right to buy them. And it is on this account alone that I recommend all pilots to buy British aircraft and British aero-engines and British accessories. They are the best. When some foreign nation can do the kind of thing that Great Britain did when she won the Schneider Trophy and set up a world's speed record then we may reconsider the situation. Until then, buy British and fly British.

The Schneider Trophy proved that our aero-engine and aircraft firms, represented by Messrs. Vickers Supermarine and Rolls-Royce, are able, when they come into open conflict with their foreign competitors, not only to beat them but to abolish them, to waft them gently away into the realms of nothingness and night. However much they may squirm and wriggle and explain and talk, America, France, and Italy, and indeed every country in the world that pretends to have an air force or to deal in aviation in any form, were beaten with a completeness which transcended anything previously witnessed.

So that if you are buying an aeroplane for private use; if you are buying one for commercial or air-taxi use; if, being a foreigner, you are buying an aeroplane for Service use, you must buy a British aeroplane if you are to have the best. It is not a matter of patriotism or anything so silly. It is simply a matter of—you want the best goods and we have them.

Diaries for the Air-minded.

At this time of year it is useful to remind ourselves that Messrs. Gale and Polden are producing their Aeronautical Diaries. These diaries not only act as reminders of the dates of anniversaries of important aeronautical events, but they also give useful tables and lists such as of the winners of the Schneider Trophy and King's Cup races, as well as the addresses of air attachés and other information which is of real value to all who fly or whose business has to do with aviation. A point to note also is that 10 per cent. of the cost price of all copies of the Gale and Polden Aeronautical Diary sold is handed over to the Royal Aeronautical Society Endowment Fund.



GLASTONBURY
2nd CENTURY.

The "Antiquary"

The First Old Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS
—blends to perfection with The
"ANTIQUARY"—the whisky par
excellence for genial celebrating or as a
present to one's greatly respected friends.



Should you have
difficulty in ob-
taining supplies,
write for name
and address of
the nearest agent,
to—

Make it Your
Home Whisky

J. & W. HARDIE, EDINBURGH

GOOD GIN GOOD COCKTAIL!

No matter if it's a crisp Clover Club, a sly Silver Slipper or a hectic Horse's Neck, only good gin makes a good cocktail. Make sure that gin does you good while it's giving you pleasure. Make sure by using Holloway's Dry London ... double distilled and crystal clear. Holloway's is silver well spent ... always.

HOLLOWAY'S GIN

always

HOLLOWAY'S GIN DISTILLERY CO. MONKTON ST., KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.

The London Shoe Co. Ltd.

C.4769
Brown willow calf
Oxford shoe trimmed
brown crocodile. Also
in black box calf
and crocodile. 38/6



C.4771
Brown willow calf
Oxford shoe trimmed
with crocodile. Also
in black box calf
and crocodile. 35/-



THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY, LIMITED.

116 & 117 NEW BOND ST., W.1. 21 & 22 SLOANE ST., S.W.1. 260/264 REGENT ST., W.1



Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

VICHY-CÉLESTINS
Natural Mineral Water
comes from the world-famous
Célestins Spring. It is bottled
at the Source, under State
Supervision.

Taken at mealtime, and at any
other period of the day, Vichy-
Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective
for gastric trouble and liver disorders.

Obtainable everywhere.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

Natural Mineral Water.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears
the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road,
London, S.E.1.



The New FENLAND design



This Royal Doulton design unites
guests and hostess in admiration.
The quiet beauty of the wild duck
flying over the still waters conceals
the audacity of the design. To
capture the wildness of nature for
the purposes of tableware without
violating one's sense of artistry is
indeed a triumph. Those who
love nature and the open air will
be grateful for this beautiful ware.

And yet Fenland costs no more
than mediocre ware which never
recalls lovely things to the mind.

A Fenland Dinner Service
for six persons is only 63/-

There are many lovely new Doulton
designs for all meals, all purposes
and every occasion.

ASK TO SEE ROYAL DOULTON
AT YOUR CHINA SHOP.



"GRACE BEFORE
MEAT", a charming
Book for the hostess,
with thirty-six colour
illustrations, is yours
free at the best China
Shops.

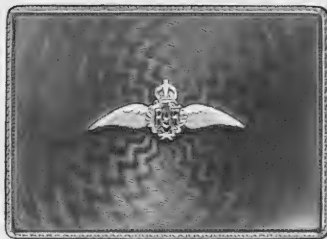


LUCKY STAR OF WARE
This new model—8 1/2" long by
6 1/2" high—of the twice Cham-
pion at Crufts, is approved by
the Cocker Club of England.

Royal Doulton

When you buy
DOULTON
you buy
BRITISH

DOULTON & CO. LTD., THE ROYAL DOULTON POTTERIES,
BURSLEM, STOKE-ON-TRENT



Solid Silver and Light Blue Enamel Vanity Companion with raised R.A.F. Badge



15-ct. Gold and finely Enamelled Naval Crown Brooch



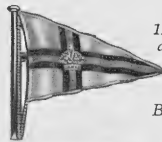
Solid Silver and Dark Blue Enamel Vanity Case with raised Naval Crown

ROYAL NAVAL, ROYAL AIR FORCE, AND YACHTING JEWELLERY

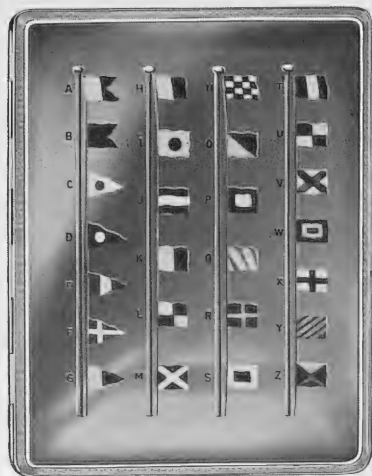
At Gieves, Ltd., Old Bond Street



15-ct. Gold and Enamel Burgee Brooch, Royal London Y.C.



15-ct. Gold and Enamel Burgee Brooch, Royal Burnham Y.C.



Solid Silver Cigarette Case with Enamelled International Code



Solid Silver and Dark Blue Enamel Cigarette Lighter with raised Naval Crown



18-ct. White Gold R.A.F. Brooch



Solid Silver Light Blue Enamel Folding Clock with raised R.A.F. Badge

THAMAR BEAUTY-PREPARATIONS are ALL-BRITISH

Facial-Rejuvenation Treatments.

Mme. Thamar, Ltd., 2, Beauchamp Place, S.W. 3. Tel.: Sloane 8507-8208.

LONDON CINEMA

STOLL, KINGSWAY.

DAILY from 12 noon. (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Week of November 30th.

ADOLPHE MENJOU in

"THE FRONT PAGE"

with MARY BRIAN

WILL ROGERS in

"YOUNG AS YOU FEEL"

with FIFI DORSAY

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

The "Illustrated London News" Christmas Number

COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE BY CECIL ALDIN:

"A FIGURE OF FUN."

A picture which forms an excellent companion to the famous "For What We Are About to Receive" and "For What We Have Received." Plate-marked and ready for framing.

In the issue are many splendid coloured pictures by famous artists and numerous stories by famous authors.

Now On Sale 2/-



A Miniature Reproduction of the Coloured Presentation Plate—"A Figure of Fun"—by Cecil Aldin, given with the "Illustrated London News" Christmas Number.

From all Newsagents and Bookstalls; or from the Publishing Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

VISIT MADEIRA

THE SUNNY ISLAND
Where the £ is worth 20/-

CELEBRATED FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY — EXQUISITE WINES — ATTRACTIVE WICKER-WORK — & CASINO


THE Island is famous for its Winter Sea-bathing, and several Hotels possess their own private bathing facilities. An average of 328 fine days per annum during the last five years, with an average winter temperature of 61°F. Many fine roads leading through wonderful scenery to the most picturesque spots. All roads are paved, and consequently there is no dust. Luxurious semi-tropical vegetation.

The following Steamship Companies call regularly at Madeira, and will be pleased to supply any information.

BLUE STAR LINE ... (from London).
BOOTH LINE ... (from Liverpool).
ELDER DEMESTER LINE (from Liverpool).
ROYAL MAIL LINE (from Southampton).
UNION-CASTLE LINE (from Southampton).
YEOWARD LINE ... (from Liverpool).

The respective managements of the Hotels mentioned below will also be glad to supply any information to intending visitors.

ATLANTIC BELLA VISTA BELMONTE. CONTIN. ENTAL. GOLDEN GATE. MIRAMAR. MONTE PALACE. NEW ENGLISH. REID'S. SAVOY.




3 Enchanting CRUISES

TO NEW HEALTH, NEW FRIENDS, NEW SCENES, BY THE WORLD'S MOST DELIGHTFUL CRUISING LINER

ARANDORA STAR

WITH PERFECT CUISINE AND SERVICE

- 1** 46 DAYS CRUISE: WEST INDIES and FLORIDA
Panama, Venezuela, Cuba, Madeira. The only cruise including Palm Beach America's Greatest Winter Playground.
January 23rd, from Southampton. From 59 Gns.
- 2** March 18th, 29 Days MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
Gibraltar, Sicily, Greece, Rhodes, Egypt, Palestine, Malta, Cyrenaica, Algeria. From 50 Gns.
- 3** April 22nd, 25 Days MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
Tangier, Balearic Islands, Sicily, Dalmatia, Italy, Greece, Phillippeville, Spain. From 45 Gns.

Immediate application is advisable.

THE BLUE STAR LINE

3, LOWER REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 (Gerrard 5671)
LIVERPOOL: 10, WATER STREET, and TOURIST AGENCIES.

B.S.-47



Magicoal Fires are Supreme. Imitations leave you cold.



The Wilton Model

The love of a living fire is an old and deep-seated human instinct. The cleanliness and convenience of electricity is a new achievement. Can man combine the two? Man can! Man has!

The realism of the Magicoal Electric Fire stands as a glittering example of man's indomitable ingenuity.

You can see Magicoal Electric Fires at any Electrical Contractors, at your Supply Company's showroom, or at Touchbutton House. Write for Illustrated Book, No. J.11.

BUY BRITISH.

Magicoal Fires

ELECTRIC

H. H. BERRY'S WORLD PATENTS

BERRY'S ELECTRIC, LTD.

(Touchbutton House), 85-86, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W. 1

Telephone: Museum 6800 (6 lines).

Works: London, Wembley. Birmingham, Hall Green.

Branches: Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Cardiff.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—(continued from p. 360)

model cottages instead of going hunting. Later on he marries Mary Woodford, only to learn that his first wife is not dead after all. So he returns to Sicily, discovers that she has entered a convent, and happily finds out that his first marriage was invalid after all. Meanwhile, in England Mary had given birth to a son. Henceforward all is happiness, with the Sicily episode happily unrevealed, so far as Mary is concerned. Quite rightly, her husband didn't want to worry her unnecessarily. And he didn't. It is just about the most sensible thing he ever did.

A Modern "Crook."

Underworld: The Biography of Charles Brooks, Criminal," by Trevor Allen (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.), plunges us into the life of a modern "crook," for whom neither the one nor the other would have the least interest outside a "job," perhaps. Mr. Brooks, however, remains entirely unrepentant. For which we have a secret regard for him. His was a case, so we read in his preface, between crime and authorship and, luckily, Mr. Grant Richards stepped in to decide upon the latter. "Get that fixed up as soon as you can, or I shall have to go out and do a job," cried Brooks, thrusting his MSS. into his publisher's hand. Mr. Richards fixed it up. Thus Mr. Brooks opened a comparatively blameless sheet. But if his book shows anything at all, it does show that most criminals begin their lives of crime in youth, and that hardship and cruelty can quite easily make wrong-doers of us all. Brooks began his career in Berlin,

where, after a long term of imprisonment, he was interned during the War at Ruhleben. He escaped, only to be captured on the frontier and to be thrown into a German dungeon of the worst order. After the War he returned to England and began his career in earnest. Like all men of his class, he seems to bear a perpetual grudge against the State, not, apparently, having that intelligence or common sense which reveals to one that it is usually far easier to work *with* the despised thing and to get what you want out of it that way. However, he does put in a good word for New Scotland Yard and its incorruptibility. It is nice to know that the American gangster could not possibly survive such an atmosphere of honesty. A photograph of Charles Brooks, complete with thumb-prints, introduces us to this story of his career.



THE WINTER AT HOME MOVEMENT: EASTBOURNE

Another of the numerous places on the South Coast, which, now that the Continent is not as cheap as it used to be, is attracting the attention of those who are determined to "Buy British." Eastbourne is very sheltered, and apart from its natural attractions possesses many others—first-class hotels, a beautiful Winter Garden, and other well-found places of amusement

THE LADY ON THE SOFA—(continued from p. 386)

"I suppose your wife is really still at Antibes," she said.

"Of course, she's bathing with a couple of princes or actors, I don't know which." The lady, who had been on the sofa, laughed and then became serious.

"I suppose she's the dreadful person you say she is John?" she asked.

"Worse if anything. Why?"

"Only I don't want to feel like the Race woman did when she thought that I was your wife—not ever, do you understand?" John Telson kissed her for luck, and then going to the writing-desk took out a photograph from the top drawer.

"That's Madge, my wife," he said. The lady, who had been on the sofa, looked at it earnestly.

"Darling," she said at length, handing him back the photograph, "when do we go away?"

DELIGHTFUL GIFT BOOKS

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF WILD FLOWERS AND THE STORY OF THEIR NAMES

By GARETH H. BROWNING. First Series, 10/6 net; Second Series, 10/6 net. Each with 50 full-page illustrations in colour by M. G. POLLARD.

"The coloured plates are alone worth much more than the price of the book."—*Scottish Country Life*.

BRITAIN'S BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS

By A. LANDSBOURGH THOMSON. 25/- net. With Introduction by Sir J. ARTHUR THOMSON, and 132 Drawings in Colour by GEORGE RANKIN.

BRITISH BIRDS AND THEIR EGGS

By J. M. BORASTON. 7/6 net. With a Simple Method of Identification. Contains 91 Coloured Plates representing 139 Birds, and the Eggs of ALL the British Breeding Birds.

HABITS AND CHARACTERS OF BRITISH WILD ANIMALS

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN. 7/6 net. Illustrated by WARWICK REYNOLDS.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

With attractive dust covers in colour, and charmingly illustrated.

THREE JOLLY CADETS

By ESCOTT LYNN. 5/- net. A Tale of the Royal Military Academy.

THE TARLETONS IN BRITAIN

By MAY BALDWIN. 3/6 net. The Story of a holiday which is full of interest and adventure.

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

By DAVID KER. 3/6 net. A Story of the Tirol.

DEB OF SEA HOUSE

By ELSIE J. OXENHAM. 3/6 net. Girls will be pleased to renew acquaintance with "Deb."

D'ARCY MINOR

By D. STAPLETON. 3/6 net. A Tale of St. Martin's.

THE CHALET SCHOOL AND JO

By E. M. BRENT-DYER. 3/6 net. "Jo" has established herself as a firm favourite with all who have followed the fortunes of the Chalet School.

BRIONY—CALLED "SQUIBS"

By ANNE MACDONALD. 2/6 net. A fascinating story for the younger people.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LTD.,
38, Soho Square, LONDON, W.1; & EDINBURGH.

OUR FATHERS

(1870-1900)

By ALAN BOTT

Ancient Victorians: A
Survey in Pictures and
Text of their Manners
and Customs

WITH 300 "PERIOD"
ENGRAVINGS

"THE
BEST
GIFT
BOOK
EVER"

2nd Large
Printing
in 1 Month



"Unique, delightful, and
satisfying as 'Cavalcade'
—I shall give it every-
body for Christmas."

—(A. P. Herbert).

"History in the best and
most enthralling sense—
essentially a book to buy
—and to keep."

—(Richard King).

8/6

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.



THE TRAVELLER'S COMPANION

gayest, prettiest,
wittiest of books

compiled by P. & M. Bloomfield
decorations by

REX WHISTLER

7s. 6d. net

BELL



Mr. C. H. Willi, of 40, Baker Street, W.1, the well-known Pioneer of Plastic Cosmetic Surgery, said in a recent lecture in which he introduced a number of treated cases that the Public knew of the miraculous results which he achieves in making the face permanently beautiful in a few days, his Consulting Rooms would be stormed." Mr. Willi is here seen restoring the facial beauty of a well-known London Actress, by his new electric method. Free consultations are given.

The Sphere of Travel.

✽G-B✽

"THE SPHERE'S" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

"The Sphere's"
Travel Bureau,
346, Strand,
London, W.C. 2

MENNEN WEEKLY NEWS



"Don't tell me you've shaved!"



"Hope she sees the difference that Mennen made!"



"My! I've never seen you so clean and smooth looking!"



WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

You notice it—so does everyone else—the clean, smooth, happy look on your face after a Mennen shave!

No wonder! This soothing Mennen Cream in the handy tube refreshes, tones up your skin as it softens every stiff, stubborn hair (even the ones that always bother you). Your razor cuts closer, faster, gentler—without scraping or tugging. And you get more shaves per blade too.

Join the modern Mennen men! Use Mennen Shaving Cream (or the cooler, brisker Menthol-ized Cream). Both made for happy shaves!

FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD.,
86 CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1.
Write for a Mennen Sample Kit containing Mennen Menthol-ized Shaving Cream, Mennen Standard Shaving Cream, Mennen Talcum for men and Mennen Skin Balm. **FREE** and Post Paid.

Spend your
Winter
in the
Sunshine
of the
ISLE OF WIGHT

"England's Garden Isle" has a delightfully mild and equable climate and a high winter sunshine record, also 9 golf courses and other sporting and social attractions. High Class Hotels and Boarding Houses, Reduced Winter Tariffs. Write to The Town Clerk, Dept. 17 Newport, I.W., for any information, also for Guide to the Island containing House Agents, etc. SOUTHERN RAILWAY CORRIDOR RESTAURANT EXPRESSES from WATERLOO Every Weekday at 8.50, 9.50, 11.50 a.m., 12.50, 1.50, 3.50, 4.50, 6.50 p.m. "Winter Resort" Tickets (any train, any day, available 1 month) from Waterloo, from 1st 32/9, 3rd 20/3 (Ryde). "Holiday" Tickets (Fris. and Suns. any train) and Weekend Tickets (Fris. and Suns. any train) from 1st 23/6, 3rd 14/6 (Ryde). Also from S.R. Suburban Stations.

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with Remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

XXV

MAYFLOWA Shoes for the Gentlewoman

No. 0814. The Mayflowa "Arch-Easi" Molière Tie. Cut out of the new leather—Black Satin Calf, with the smart and comfortable "Dumpy" Heels.

25/9

Postage 6d.



No. 0816. The Mayflowa "Arch-Relief" leather—Black Satin Calf. These can be left dull, or will take a brilliant polish.

30/-

Postage 6d.



No. 0815. The Mayflowa Molière. Cut out of the new leather—Tan Willow Satin Calf, with Pepper-box fittings. These can be left dull, or will take a brilliant polish.

25/9

Postage 6d.



No. 0809. Exceptional value in Mayflowa real Crocodile Skins. A truly delightful model. Every pair made in our Northampton factory.

19/9

Postage 6d.



No. 0810. Extraordinary value in Mayflowa real Crocodile Skins. Beautiful markings and workmanship. Every pair made in our Northampton factory.

19/9

Postage 6d.



No. 0811. The Mayflowa Molière. In Black Satin Calf with Black Lizard fittings. Also in Tan Willow Satin Calf, with Lizard fittings to match.

21/9

Postage 6d.



ABBOTT'S

324, OXFORD ST. 255, OXFORD ST.
(Next to D. H. Evans.) (Next to Jay's.)

98, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET

(Opposite Derry & Toms.)

131, QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER, W. 2

(Opposite Whiteleys.)

82, REGENT STREET

(Opposite Piccadilly Hotel.)

85, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W. 1

And at all Abbott's Branches.

THE *Ideal* PRESENT for the YOUNG FOLK this year . . . THE DRAGON BOOK

Here's a simple, yet pleasingly effective, way of solving the gift problem for the young folk.

The DRAGON BOOK, crammed full of clever, humorous drawings by Alfred Leete, will afford hours of pleasure to any child who is big enough to shun stupidity and yet old enough to appreciate the brilliant portrayal of the many episodes in the life of DENNYS, Rouge Dragon of the Fiery Breath.

You need have no fear of introducing DENNYS into any family circle this Christmas. He will ensure for himself a warm welcome wherever he goes.

When you write out your Christmas gift list, put down the DRAGON BOOK for the clever boys and girls you know. Those who revel in fun and prankish tricks will appreciate it just the same. They will keep your gift as a treasured possession, and you will have solved *their* gift problem economically and really effectively.

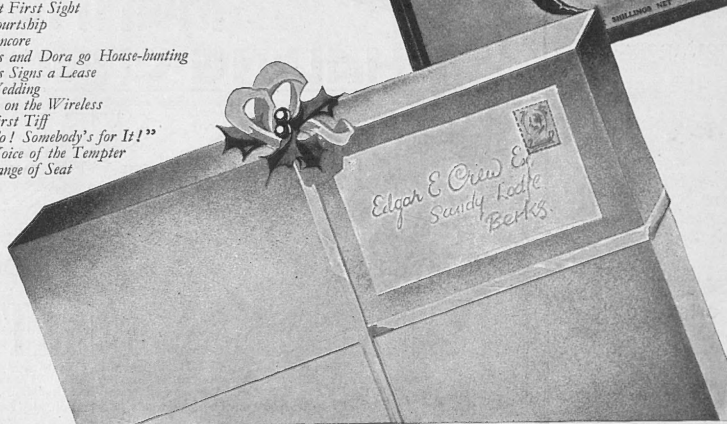
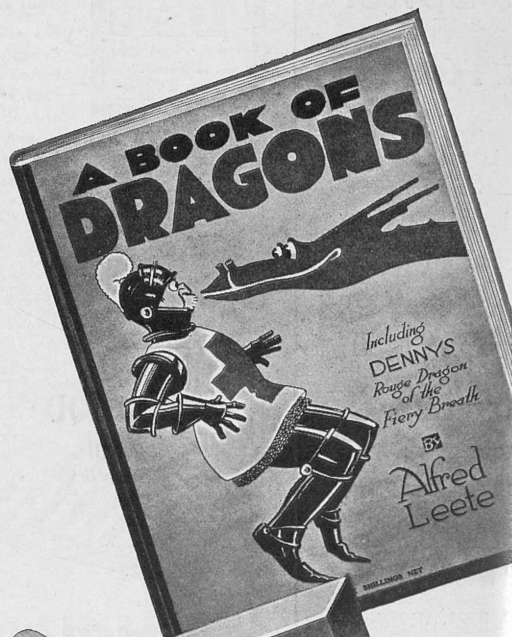
100 Pages of Clever Humour

by ALFRED LEETE.

Here are some of the contents

The Biting of Dennys
Dennys in the Castle Kitchen
The Breakfast of the First Prince of Wales
Making Friends with the Castle Dog
A Good Dragon Year in Prospect
St. George and the Dragon
Good Egg!
A Welsh National Emblem
Smoking Out Rabbits
An Increase in Fire Insurance
A Regular Let-Down
Worsted by a Worm
The Age of Chivalry
Dennys Tests the Ice
Bombe Glacee en Surprise
What Offers?
Assisting the Castle Barber
The Castle Plumber finds Dennys Useful
Defending the Castle
Dennys Assists at an Historic Occasion
Burning Words of Love
Saturday Night in the Castle
The Warming-Pan
How the Lady Elaine was Enabled to Elope
Dennys Helps the Old Soldier
The End of the Song

Dennys does a Good Turn to the Castle Cook
Love at First Sight
The Courtship
The Encore
Dennys and Dora go House-hunting
Dennys Signs a Lease
The Wedding
Howls on the Wireless
The First Tiff
"Hello! Somebody's for It!"
The Voice of the Tempter
A Change of Seat



FILL IN THIS

FORM AND WE
WILL DESPATCH
FOR YOU ANY-
WHERE AT HOME
OR ABROAD

You can get the DRAGON BOOK at all the principal Newsagents and Railway Bookstalls. Also from Messrs. Barker's, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, and other big Stores.



ORDER FORM

To the Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, 346, Strand, London W.C.2
Please send a copy of the DRAGON BOOK to

I enclose herewith remittance for £ : : (6/- per copy, Postage 9d)
Sender's name and address

PLEASE NOTE.—If you desire copies sent to a number of children, kindly pin addresses to this form and indicate date upon which you would like the books despatched. The Publisher will gladly arrange to insert the donor's card in the special Christmas despatch carton (shown above). Cards should be sent with this order.

PRICE — SIX SHILLINGS (postage 9d.)

LIST OF HOTELS.

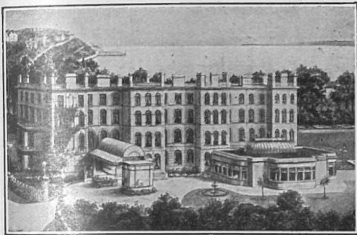
A RIVIERA HOLIDAY AT
SUNNY ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA
 —where the summer lingers longest, and where calm, mild weather continues throughout the winter. At the historic Royal Victoria Hotel you can enjoy supremely fine hotel service and homely comforts too for 4½ gns. weekly. 100 bedrooms and private suites. Running water to all bedrooms and lift to all floors. Central and electric heating, good English food and famous chef. Telephone: HASTINGS 849.
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH—CARLTON HOTEL
 Right on the Sea Front, facing full South. 150 Rooms. Every modern convenience. Garage for 60 Cars. Telegrams: Carltonian. Phone: 6560.

BRIGHTON—NORFOLK HOTEL (Finest Position on Sea Front)

Central heating, hot and cold running water and telephone in every room. Choice cuisine and wines. Individual attention and comfort.
 Inclusive Terms from 5½ Gns. per week. Special Residential Tariff.
 Under New and Progressive Ownership :: Phone: Hove 4005 (4 lines).

VICTORIA & ALBERT HOTEL
TORQUAY



Unrivalled Table Service & Comfort

Hot & Cold Water in all Bedrooms.

Reduced Winter Terms

Be British—Stay British.
GIBRALTAR
 "The Travel Key to the Mediterranean."
THE ROCK HOTEL
 Opening JANUARY, 1932.

FROM 17/6 PER DAY.
 (To include single room, bath and all meals.)
 CENTRAL HEATING. Running hot and cold fresh water in all rooms. Lift. Most rooms with private baths. Guests' rooms facing sea with roomy balconies. 13 ACRES OF GARDENS.
 Manager: P. RICHARD (late of the Carlton and Stafford Hotels). For reservations apply: The Manager, ROCK HOTEL, GIBRALTAR, or 199, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

THE GALLIA PALACE
CANNES

Now Open after New and Important Improvements.
 The Best Hotel Value on the Riviera.

Specially Reduced Terms until January 15th.

Full South, in Magnificent Park, but only 6 minutes' walk from the Croisette.

Director: J. WILD.

SUN SPOTS ON THE RIVIERA

NICE - - HÔTEL MAJESTIC

With its wonderful Casino

Palais de la Méditerranée.

JUAN LES PINS - HÔTEL PROVENÇAL

Its dainty Casino.

TAORMINA - - SICILY

Sunshine - Flowers

Sea Bathing all the year round.

Sports - Amusements

LES AVANTS S/MONTREUX (1,000 m.)

BELLEVUE HOTEL DE JAMAN.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Splendid situation and view. Renovated. Modern comfort. Hot and cold running water. Apartments with private bath. All Winter Sports.

Inclusive Terms en pension from 12 fr.

NIC. VITAL, New Proprietor, formerly Manager Grand Hotel, Bellagio.

SPEND XMAS IN LONDON
 AT THE
PRINCE OF WALES
HOTEL

De Vere Gardens - Kensington, W.
 (by Park Gates)

A bright and pleasant hotel in an exclusive situation South of the Park. 120 large Bedrooms—all magnificent apartments, finely furnished and fitted with every conceivable convenience. New hot and cold water installation throughout. Cuisine, service and wines of supreme excellence . . . famous among discriminating people for over 40 years.

Telephone:
 Western
 4872.

SPECIAL INCLUSIVE XMAS RATE
 (To include Gala Dances)
 From Thursday (dinner) to Monday (breakfast)
 Single .. £3.15.0 Double .. £7.0.0
EARLY RESERVATION ESSENTIAL.

Telegrams:
 Suavely,
 Kens.
 London.

Your Hair Brush
rebristled—

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,

Brush and Mirror Manufacturer
 (Dept. E)
 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

Mrs. SHACKLETON

has a great demand for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on.

ONLY ADDRESS:

122, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
 Tel.: 0707 Kingston. Banker's reference.

SPEND

A Jolly Christmas
 in a
LONDON HOTEL

THE
BONNINGTON
 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1

260 ROOMS,

All with H. & C. Water

DANCES, WHIST DRIVES, CONCERTS.

SPECIAL XMAS CATERING.

Inclusive Charge,
 covering full Pension,
 Refreshments at
 Buffets, Dances, Whist
 Drives, Concerts . . . } **17/6**
 Per Day.

WRITE NOW FOR
 SPECIAL PROGRAMME.



- Among the high pines of Scotland's Winter Garden, the romantic borderlands, where Autumn lingers longer, 700 ft. up, bracing yet mild.
- A Modern Hydro with up-to-date suite of Baths and Electrical Equipment under one roof equal to the world's famous Spas.
- Sheltered balconies facing South and beautiful landscapes with nature's richest colourings, a tonic of beauty and fresh air.
- Indoor pastimes, orchestra, dancing every evening. Fully licensed. Terms from 13/6 per day. Write for tariff.
- IT'S GLORIOUS NOW AT PEEBLES (L)

IF SAM WELLER

had asked
to-day, 'Vich is
your partickler
wanity? Vich
wanity do you
like the flavour
on best Sir?'
the answer, of course,
would invariably be ~

